



Labor's Responsibility

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, Publishers, NEW YORK

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

Trade Unionism and the Control of Industry

"LABOR should not be regarded *merely* as a commodity or article of commerce."

This sentence is the work of a World Legislature, sitting at Paris; the italics are supplied by officials of the American Federation of Labor, whose attention is for the time being fixed upon a word. It appears that the American labor delegation took with them to Paris the positive assertion of the Clayton Act that "the labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce;" and in Paris the positive was exchanged for an equally emphatic negative. Thus the Fifteenth Point!

In discussing this formula it will be convenient to lay ideals aside for the moment and to examine conditions as they exist here in America. This permits the discovery that M. Clemenceau's version of the dogma comes nearer the truth than does Mr. Gompers' uncorrupted original. The Clayton Act provided a legalistic safeguard against the legalistic menace of the Sherman Act. Under the protection of this safeguard labor is still handled as a commodity, and will continue to be so handled as long as the American Federation of Labor cherishes its traditional national-craft-union policy.

In the course of political history, the *rights* of habeas corpus and trial by jury were secured before the citizenry began to exercise the *responsibilities* of voting and holding office. Just so, when industrial democracy has been achieved and the time has come for writing the history of that achievement, it will be seen that craft unionism belongs to that period of economic evolution when the workers are concerned with the acquisition of rights rather than with the assumption of responsibilities. It is considered to be the right of the laborer to sell his services under favorable conditions, variously defined. Craft unionism organizes the workers in such a manner that they exercise collectively this right to dispose of what is to all intents and purposes a commodity—labor power of a given quantity and quality, stamped with the union label. Now the laborer has likewise a responsibility—to produce goods—but of this responsibility the old-style union has little to say. Under union control labor power functions as impersonally as electric power. Just as long as this is true—as long as the last output of the laborer is

labor—just so long will labor be a commodity.

A careful examination of the industrial scene will show that even as a merchandiser of human effort the American Federation of Labor has found its traditional policy of trade-union autonomy put to a considerable strain by war and post-war conditions. The handling of shipyard labor will furnish a case in point. Wartime pressure for production brought a flood of unorganized labor into the shipbuilding industry; some of the craft unions having control of skilled labor in the yards were apparently indifferent to the fate of the newcomers; the Longshoremen finally invaded the field and organized numerous locals of riggers, helpers, "wood-fasteners," and other miscellany. Time out of mind the work of "fastening" had been done by ship's carpenters, unionized and well paid. Early in the war a special class of men was developed to perform this comparatively routine task of bolting to the ribs of the ship the boards cut by the carpenters. These specialists worked for wages considerably lower than those of the carpenters, and were not unionized until they were taken into the conglomerate groups chartered by the Longshoremen. With the end of hostilities and the slacking off of the shipbuilding program, it became apparent that fasteners and other men in the Longshoremen's unions were doing work that in quiet times might serve to keep better men busy. A high degree of solicitude for the fate of the newly-organized workers became manifest; at the recent A. F. of L. convention the fasteners were handed over to the Carpenters, the riggers to the Iron Workers, the helpers and apprentices to the internationals of their respective trades, and the remaining miscellany to the International Hodcarriers', Building and Common Laborers' Union of North America. Such a bandying about of the newly organized workers is typical of makeshift efforts to gain strength for lean months and years in industries where the pressure of a labor reserve developed in wartime will put a heavy strain upon the standards of the old craft unions. Some system that will secure the complete local cooperation of skilled and thoroughly organized workers, unskilled workers newly organized, and women workers new both to industry and to organization is absolutely essential

in this day of shifting conditions and new bargains.

It is remarkable that in the iron and steel industry, where the issue is not the preservation of established standards but the expansion of organization, the "international" craft unions have pooled their interests to a degree hitherto unheard of in the history of American trade-unionism. The iron and steel campaign has been compared to a Billy Sunday revival; each of the twenty-four internationals concerned contributes men and money to carry on the work with the understanding that the recruits will later be apportioned to their proper craft organizations. As far as this recruiting campaign is concerned, the National Committee for the Organization of Iron and Steel Workers constitutes an industrial union. But the petition of some of the newly organized men for the creation of an Iron and Steel Department to give permanence to this industrial unity was denied by the American Federation of Labor convention, presumably on the ground that the groups which are raised up together will hereafter be able, by dint of tremendous effort, to stand separately. The question of the disposition to be made of the common laborers in this field aroused a slight flurry of debate at the convention, but was disposed of for the time being. A move to authorize the transfer without charge from one craft group to another of men wrongly assigned by organizers was defeated on the ground that the international unions alone had jurisdiction over such matters. It may be noted that the new locals, already embracing 100,000 of the 500,000 men in the industry, have shown a disposition to raise the initiation fee as soon as the National Committee releases control of them. All things considered, it is apparent that in this industry the A. F. of L. is threatened with a victoire disintégrale.

More interesting than the National Committee's temporary alliance is the proposal for the permanent amalgamation of the fourteen internationals now loosely federated in the Metal Trades Department of the A. F. of L. By a seven to one vote of the rank and file, the Machinists' Association has gone on record as favoring this proposal to create what practically amounts to a great industrial union, but the measure did not meet with favor in this year's convention of the Metal Trades Department.

Another proposal that has caused considerable uneasiness in high official circles is the "Seattle plan" for consolidating the executive organizations of the 110 or more internationals affiliated with the A. F. of L. into approximately twelve staff groups, each of which groups would control a given industrial field within which the craft locals would function much as they do at present. The chief argument for amalgamation at the top is that at

present the various craft locals whose members are employed in a given industrial plant, or group of plants, cannot combine to enforce a common policy until each of these locals has secured the authorization of its international executive. The failure of one international headquarters to approve the locally formulated plan makes united action impossible. It is reported from Seattle that of the one hundred city central labor bodies that have already acted on the proposal for wholesale amalgamation, only two have failed to approve it.

This plan was not submitted to the convention at Atlantic City, as it was a foregone conclusion that it would meet with defeat. But an effort was made to get the convention to indorse a measure looking toward the establishment of initiative and referendum in the internationals, the idea being that the installation of such machinery would enable the rank and file to make known their wishes as to amalgamation and other progressive measures. The initiative-and-referendum proposal was overwhelmingly defeated, as were measures providing for the direct election of officers of the A. F. of L. and for their recall. Finally the conservatives proposed to amend the constitution of the Federation to provide that any central labor body circulating propaganda with the object of changing the constitution of the internationals or of the A. F. of L., without first getting the approval of the Executive Council of the Federation, could be punished by the revocation of its charter. After a hot debate, this proposed amendment was withdrawn, but it has been stated by a member of the Executive Council that this council has the power to revoke charters under the conditions described whether it be specifically so stated in the constitution or not. The constitution has always forbidden central bodies to call strikes; an accepted amendment now prohibits their taking a strike vote. The attitude of the A. F. of L. convention toward every innovation that threatens to diminish official prerogative or the autonomy of the internationals is easily understood when it is remembered that the voting strength of the body is almost wholly in the hands of the delegates of the internationals, nearly all of whom are at the same time salaried officers of these internationals. In the past the Federation has consistently supported measures looking toward the extension of popular government in the political field; if sincere conservatism is in a measure responsible for distrust of the ability of its own members to exercise an industrial franchise, yet personal interest must account in part for the Federation's cavalier handling of the prerogatives of others—for instance, those of the judiciary—as contrasted with its tender solicitude for prerogatives traditionally its own.

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BURGMEJER BINDERY 1924

Such being the dominant official attitude toward reforms intended to improve the efficiency of the unions as merchandisers of human effort, it is not surprising that revolutionary measures aiming to secure for labor the control of industry have met with small encouragement in official circles. It is said that a member of the Executive Council of the Federation made a union-label speech in Russia after the Revolution! In the Western United States, and to a greater degree in Canada, the city central bodies have found themselves ground between new ambitions below and old prerogatives above. This pervading restlessness resulted at the Atlantic City convention in repeated meetings of central body delegates, at which expressions of mutual dissatisfaction were exchanged and arrangements were made for direct correspondence between the centrals and for caucuses of central body delegates at ensuing conventions. In the Northwest the matter has gone much farther; for a time Seattle defied the authority of the internationals, and in parts of Western Canada the old superstructure has been entirely blown to pieces.

According to one of the speakers who addressed the convention, failure to meet this new situation means the death of the internationals. The speaker illustrated: It appears that the pressmen and typographers of Winnipeg either refused to ballot on the question of a general strike, or voted against this action. Nevertheless the Winnipeg central body, supported by a majority of the unions of the city, called the strike in defiance of the authority of the internationals and effected such a complete tie-up that the pressmen and typographers were obliged, against their will, to quit work. Apparently it did not occur to the speaker that the theory of collective bargaining withdraws the right to work from the individual and places it under the control of the group; the group which has hitherto exercised the right has been the local craft union, with the consent of the international craft organization; in Western Canada the city central claims this right and has exercised it with full effect. Many of the centrals in this region have taken the final step by seceding from the Federation and joining the One Big Union movement, which has for its object "the abolition of the present system of production for profit, and the substitution therefor of production for use."

Now it happens that in a certain number of American industries, for the period of the war, production was actually carried on for production's sake—although it is nowhere recorded that profit was entirely denied! The War Labor Board and the Macy Board, organized to secure the cooperation of labor in this limited field and for this period, were not long in discovering that trade unions

organized to sell labor were of little significance when labor was being bought at its own price; what was needed was not an organization that delivered labor to the factory but one that would deal with the productive functioning of labor, on the job. In a very short space of time there developed in this country a number of embryonic industrial states, each having for its citizens the workers in a single plant—a production unit—united to select from among their own number a committee that exercised over them some degree of authority.

This form of organization is not new in America. The printers' chapel is a shop republic in rudimentary form. In the woman's garment industry the system has come to a rather full development, perhaps for the reason that the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union is to all intents and purposes an industrial union, so organized as to throw all operatives except the cutters into general locals without regard to craft lines. Shop organization has also been very completely developed in certain non-union plants as a substitute for craft unionism. Proponents of the traditional trade-union policy are extremely distrustful of shop organization—of its weakness and its strength; locally developed and unfortified by the wide connections supplied by national craft integration, the shop unit may serve to hold the workers completely under the control of the employer; strengthened by extensive federation, the shop system will break down craft divisions and render powerless the official hierarchy developed by the national trade unions. In England the national craft system was considerably weakened during the war, and the shop units had the opportunity to achieve extensive federation. In America the internationals have retained their monopoly over affairs that reach beyond the shop, leaving the shop organization to maintain unassisted the form but not the fact of industrial democracy.

Nevertheless it is true that while American craft unionism is selling labor, and Canadian city centrals are exercising a control of industry that approximates a dictatorship, shop units have in one small section of the United States achieved the combination of control and responsibility that means industrial democracy. This result has been obtained in the cooperative shingle and lumber mills of Washington, operated with the full support of the trade-union movement of the Northwest. The organization of these mills was begun in 1912; today more than twenty plants are in successful operation. The mills are owned by the men, paid for by surplus earnings; the managers, the foremen, and the trustees are elected by the workers from among their own number and are subject to recall; the plants are completely unionized and the men are able to pay

themselves considerably more than the union scale of wages. Thus it appears that shop-unit organization is capable of the least and the most that the labor movement can achieve; while labor remains a commodity, dissociated shop units may exhibit less strength at collective bargaining than the craft internationals; but when labor is reorganized for the control of production, the shop republic becomes the natural self-directing unit of industrial democracy. In the hands of capital, shop organization threatens labor's bargaining power; in the hands of labor it may achieve the control of national economic life. The A. F. of L. already has available much of the machinery necessary for the geographic and industrial federation of these elementary units of economic society. Once relieved of the heavy restrictions now placed upon them, the city trades councils are capable of integrating all the interests common to a regional group of plants; industrial alliances of craft unions like the railway Brotherhoods, and true industrial unions like the United Mine Workers, provide the machinery for national federation by industries. Finally both regional and industrial interests meet in the A. F. of L., which already exercises legislative, executive, and judicial functions.

If the traditional program of the Federation does not provide for the gradual assumption by local units of the responsibilities of production, no more does it provide for the acquisition of control at the top. A craft union whose members are scattered through a hundred industries may under certain circumstances be able to sell the labor of its members to advantage, but under no condition is it in a position to assume the control of any one of these industries. At present the inconsistency of the Federation is the measure of its potentialities for progress. The convention that refused to pass a resolution encouraging workmen to demand the right to elect their own foremen also voted approval of

the plan of the Brotherhoods for the operation of the railways under the joint control of the classified employees, the appointed officers, and the government! Steps have already been taken looking toward the admission to the Federation of the Conductors, Engineers, Firemen, and Trainmen, who together constitute the strongest industrial group of organized workers in America. In another quarter also new ambitions are stirring. The United Mine Workers claim to control 65 to 70 per cent of the coal mine operatives in the United States; the Policy Committee of this great industrial union has already declared in favor of the nationalization of the coal mines. At the September convention of the Mine Workers this policy will be framed in detail. President Moyer of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers (claiming the adherence of 40 per cent of the metal miners of the country) has declared himself in full sympathy with the policy of the Brotherhoods and of the United; at its next meeting his Executive Council will consider the formulation of a nationalization policy.

The business of making predictions is fairly safe and not always profitless. It is safe to say that something in the nature of a Dual Alliance of Miners and Railway Workers has become a possibility in America, at the moment when a movement for local autonomy and the control of industry by the workers is shaking the foundations of the craft system. In some cases control will be acquired over a whole industry at a single stroke; in other cases there will be a gradual annexation of one plant after another. But in every instance, if control is to be more than an irresponsible dictatorship, the organization exercising the directive power must be coterminous with the field of operation it controls, capable of assuming the duties as well as the rights of industrial democracy.

GEROID ROBINSON.

My Comrade

I am laughing with the smell of the river;
I am laughing with the hidden wind swelling up over the lap and shoulders, and
winding about the neck of my green world;
I am laughing with the sweeps of rank grass and the calm shining miles of floating
river;
I am laughing with the knowledge of heaped pine boughs and wet moldy earth,
and last uncurling leaves of middle June;
I am laughing with the heavy wasteful leafage;
I am laughing with yellow tons of spacious sunshine pressing lightly, like a
warm cheek against mine;
All of me is absorbed and jubilant, in my gleaming comrade, the manifold person
of the morning.

JOSEPHINE BELL.

The Shop Committee—Some Implications

APPARENTLY QUITE OUT of the cloudiest of skies and the most vacant of national minds, comes suddenly a burst of discussion on the shop committee. The chorus is joined by the reconstruction committee of Catholic Bishops, by the inquiring United States Chamber of Commerce and the Industrial Conference Board, by thousands of Methodist pastors and communicants, by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ, by numerous savants in the untrodden field of industrial relations, and lastly by converted employer after employer. Somehow we do not hear much of enthusiastic expression from labor, organized or unorganized. The apostles and prophets of industrial democracy hail mainly from the side of management or from the general public.

Let us at the start define. By shop committee movement we mean the movement toward a sharing of control of industry to large or small extent through the instrumentality of variously constituted joint committees of employer and employee in the local shop as well as in the industry outside the local shop or factory plant. The shop committee movement thus includes the whole program explained and promoted in the classic British documents of the movement, the Whitley and Garton Foundation reports. In America the documents are few. The best official paper is the Wolfe report published by the United States Shipping Board, frankly a "follow-up" of the British plans.

Regarded physically, the shop committee in all its forms is a system of industrial government. It may arise either as a concession wrung from capital by a convincing show of labor's power, or as a bestowal of enlightened capital, honestly seeking to weather the coming storm. Its implications are manifold and include considerations of trade unionism, industrial unionism, intensive labor organization, management pure and simple, and ever and always the development of collective bargaining from the point of agreeing to bargain about such elementary questions as sanitation, to agreeing to discuss an entire business, with the secret books of profit thrown open—and the office force unionized.

In other words the shop committee movement is nothing or everything.

Narrowing the discussion down to the shop committee movement as applied to the individual plant, it is a significant fact that up to the time the United States Government began to foster shop committees as a war measure, most of the important systems established prior to 1918 came directly on the

heels of bitter labor wars. A notable illustration of this tendency is the so-called Colorado plan, set up by Rockefeller after machine guns had failed to maintain the production of coal and iron. Others might be instanced. Most of the shop committee systems in American factories, again, have been installed either as a weapon against the union or as a substitute for the union. This also is a significant fact, though officially the shop committee movement is neutral on the union question.

In form the shop committee is widely various. We may trace the beginnings of certain types of shop committee systems. There is, for example, the type which gives employees elected representatives in the proportion of one to every hundred or hundred and fifty employees, largely irrespective of craft. There is the type which is founded on the United States Government, consisting of a house, composed of employee representatives, a senate, composed of foremen, and a cabinet composed of the executive staff with the manager as president. There is the type which gives more complete representation to craft. There are combinations of these types. In each type runs the principle that the elected representatives of the employees must be elected secretly by the employees of the particular plant, in the plant, and solely as of the plant. All the types thus briefly described may be benevolently handed down, ready-made, by the management, or they may be devised in honest, open conference by men and management, acting jointly. There are also patent shop committee systems, sold by industrial experts, and guaranteed to do away with agitators and to lift profits to unheard of percentages.

The details of the actual machinery of a shop committee system in a factory need not concern us at this moment. They are indeed vital, but they can have no vitality whatever unless before the moment of creation there is on both sides the right spirit. The employer should have the desire to treat with his employees collectively, irrespective of union affiliation, and he ought to be awake to the fact that the time has come when employers must no longer oppose, but must rather assist, the birth of the new industrial age. The employee should have the sense to see that something is better than nothing and that however much it may be the object of a specific management to bolster up an outworn business code or to sign a peace treaty on such terms that peace is unstable, almost any shop committee organization gives him a position from which he may—may—move the world.

Cyrus McCormick, Jr., is quoted as saying lately:

What the workingman is asking for, and what we are trying to give him, is a voice in the control of the business in which he is a co-partner. This demand has taken on various forms in different places. In Russia and elsewhere on the European continent it is known as Bolshevism; in England they call it the Whitley plan; elsewhere it may be called employees' representation, and somewhere else co-partnership. Under all of these, however, it is the basic fact that the relationships between employer and employee must be founded on something else than a cash bond. . . . With every one of our hitherto most guarded ledgers open to these men, we believe that they would see the facts as clearly as we saw them. . . . Don't attempt any fraternalism.

Mr. McCormick is further quoted as expressing his regret that the Harvester Council plan was not worked out in joint conference between his employees and his executives, but was handed down by the corporation. His views are those of the enlightened and enlightening employer of today. They are radically advanced over the views of employers of the ante-war days.

When we come to look at the small beginnings of the industrial council branch of the shop committee movement in the United States we find that, as in the shop committee branch strictly so called, the Government during the period of active hostilities made several attempts to form such joint-action agreements, but had rather less success than met its efforts to inspire shop committee systems. In the last few weeks the allied printing trades for one, and the building trades for another, have voted on joint council schemes which were worked out by the collaboration of representatives of the international unions interested and representatives of the masters' associations. This, then, is a more natural and self-determining growth than the simple shop committee, formulated in the bulk and mainly promoted by the employers. It is the natural combination of labor and capital, inspired by a willingness to clear out the underbrush, so to speak, which bothers the feet of both, and inspired also by the accompanying hope that such clearance of the ground will make for less unimportant bickering, and as—labor looks at it—for fairer and better fighting about essentials.

It is evident that the implications of such a movement are of the utmost importance. An obvious fear is lest it be some subtle scheme of capital the further to subjugate labor. An equally obvious fear—I speak now from knowledge of the employer's psychology and prejudice—is that in some underhanded way the shop committee is designed to deliver over capital to the talons of labor. Were not these phobias real, we could dismiss them as silly. In the long run, discounting small errors of

judgment and purpose, the shop committee is exactly what it seems to be, mainly a simple, open, and practicable method of collective bargaining which will become nothing but advanced welfare work if one side or the other lags in its duty, and which can become an amazingly useful instrument to prepare the way for an advance in the condition and status of labor, educationally and economically.

In so far as the shop committee movement is being used by employers to cut in under the union movement, whether trade or industrial, it is doomed to failure. I have noted that in specific instances it originated in an anti-union mood. Fundamentally the shop committee is unionism. It is based on the theory of collective action. It advances a more, intensive kind of collective action than the usual trade union offers. Striking evidence of this is the fact that the shop committee movement in England is largely an insurgent movement within the trade union movement, colored by antagonism both to slow trade union methods and to an over-strict adherence to craft independence. Ideally as well as in practice, the shop committee favors direct collective dealing by workers in an industrial unit with employers in the same unit. While it is too young to give us a firm ground for prediction, it is at least safe to say that if it is understood and backed by the national organized labor movement, labor has from it much to gain. In fact the main weakness of the shop committee in this country today is that the larger labor movement is suspiciously holding off.

One might draw an analogy between the history of the Taylor efficiency scheme in the United States and in Russia. Here labor fights it as labor fought the introduction of machinery—an instinctive recoil from a device of production possessed solely by employers and controlled non-collectively by employers. In Russia, the Soviet Government is out-Tayloring Taylor by attempting to utilize efficiency in the interests of the entire industrial world instead of in the interests of a small if important fraction thereof.

We may expect to have the shop committee with us from now on permanently. Its vigor and utility depend on both the degree and the character of labor organization. The risk is that it will be paternalized or fraternalized and thus ruined. This risk is deemed worth running by those who hope that an industrial revolution can be accomplished here without undue bloodshed.

WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD.

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Reconstruction in Britain

THE EVENT OF THE MOMENT in British industrial affairs is unquestionably the Mines Commission, and an appreciation of its significance requires consideration of the circumstances leading up to it. Before the war the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, the Transport Workers' Federation, and the National Union of Railwaymen were the only labor organizations covering the whole field of particular industries; they had already earned a right to respect by a series of strikes, which, though undertaken separately and marked by the absence of any violence, were so well disciplined as to demonstrate their power to stop at short notice the entire national producing machinery. Their demands were for mere wage increases, and the like, and whatever they won was for the most part neutralized in a short time by the rapidly rising prices of the necessities of life. But real importance lay in these strikes by industrially organized labor inasmuch as the supply of labor power for the industries had come under control—in other words, labor had discovered it possessed an effective will. Previously only capital and credit of all the forces in production had been directed by a will, and accordingly was vested with them complete control. Labor, sold under competition at little more than the cost of production, had figured as an item of the plant. The laborer had no right to any say whatever, either as to the character, quality, or destination of the product; it was presumption on his part to question even working conditions; and profits, he was told over and again, were none of his business. Capital assumed complete responsibility for production. The big strikes from 1911 to 1914 were symptoms of a psychological change, and while labor's effective will could as yet only affect production negatively, the power of veto alone was quite enough to enforce consideration in a new light. When the three unions named combined during the war in the Triple Industrial Alliance, the strongest labor monopoly the world has known, labor's power for good or ill was established, and discerning people awaited expectantly the intelligence that must grow to direct it. The result is to be found in the Mines Commission.

Early this year the Miners' Federation decided to strike with the agreement and therefore the support of the other two parties to the alliance for, among minor demands, wage increases and shorter hours, etc., "the nationalization of mines and minerals, together with joint control of the industry by the workers and the State." The power of the alliance was known by demonstration; now its

policy was known also. A strike would be a calamity, and in face of the well-nigh blackleg-proof condition of the unions could by no manner of means be broken. Negotiations opened at once; the Prime Minister persuaded the Federation to delay action pending full inquiry by Royal Commission into the state of the Mining Industry with reference to the allegations and claims of the miners. The Commission consists of representatives of the miners, the mine owners, and the Government, with Mr. Justice Sankey as chairman. After a searching enquiry into balance-sheets, costs, prices, profits, housing, accidents, and the conduct of mines generally, in which merchants, mine owners, steel and ironmasters, and workers of the Government administration were submitted to a ruthless cross-examination, three interim reports were presented. As the majority and minority reports reflect simply the miners' and mine owners' views respectively, the only one which concerns us here is the official, which the Government accepted. Ignoring the big concessions or the minor demands, let us quote the finding on the major question. "Even upon the evidence already given, the present system of ownership and working in the coal industry stands condemned, and some other system must be substituted for it, either nationalization or a method of unification by national purchase or joint control."

Never in the country's history has there been such an inquisition into the conduct of an industry, and never has the public been so rudely awakened to the misconduct involved in this profiteer's seventh heaven. The total of royalties and profits during the five war years, for instance, excluding all by-profits, exceeds the total pre-war capital of the industry by about 120 million dollars. The population of a fair sized mining town is herded within an area less than that of the owner's park, while housing conditions on the whole are indescribably disgraceful. Even the Government legalized an increase in coal prices during the war solely because taxable excess profits were thereby increased, thus confessing a reversion to tax-farming at twenty-five per cent commission. Prices were fixed at the figure that would keep the worse and worst managed collieries solvent, with results pleasurable to nobody but colliery proprietors. The inspection of mines was inefficient and prejudicial to safety. In fine, the indictment is so terrible that the onus no longer rests on labor to prove the need for a change in the system, but on the owners to show reason why they should be permitted to remain owners; it is not labor

that stands condemned for threatening to stop the industry, but capital for giving labor just cause for stopping it.

The Commission has continued its labors, and social philosophers, professors of economics, technicians, quasi-millionaires, and peers of the realm have been forced to submit to its inquisitorial omniscience. The last citadel in which the existing owners hope to make themselves safe is a gigantic trust where capital, management, and labor, sharing profits, will form a new triple alliance for skinning the consumer alive. Fortunately it is damned at birth; the miners are explicit that they will work willingly only for the community. Sir Richard Redmayne, the Government's mining expert, characterizing the present system as wasteful and extravagant, favored a trust on the grounds of enhanced production at diminished cost, and the prevention of waste; he frowned on nationalization out of fear and distrust of the bureaucracy. He was obviously taken aback by the suggestion of nominal national ownership with decentralized control by administrative, technical, and manual labor, working in unison. Moreover, he was informed by a miners' representative on the Commission that "a partnership between capital and labor was neither practical nor desirable." The power for evil of such a trust, with labor possessing a vested interest in profiteering, is incalculable, and the public has good reason to thank the miners for refusing to look at it. Their support assumed, however, it must have constituted the next phase of British industry. What is the exact position, then, since the existing order, unification on the basis of private monopoly, and even nationalization with bureaucratic control, are all condemned together? That nothing is left but nationalization and joint-control on a decentralized basis.

Nationalization may be taken for granted as essential to any improved system of control, and a new bone of contention is the basis of compensation to the present proprietors. Are they to be bought out in the government's phrase "at a price arrived at as between a willing buyer and a willing seller," and if not, at a price arrived at—how? Is the price to be what will continue to bring the same returns when converted to government stock? If so, the last vestige of the owners' responsibility gone, themselves become practically civil pensioners for who knows how many generations, they will not have made such a bad bargain. On the face of it it seems absurd; neither payee nor seller is willing; both are forced—by the Triple Alliance. And when an industry changes hands, not merely the plant is transferred, but the goodwill of the customers and the sources of raw material as well. Heretofore labor

having no will, had no goodwill to be disposed of; but today a willing buyer of the mines would undoubtedly require the goodwill of labor among the other effects. By their past misconduct of the industry, the mine owners have forfeited labor's goodwill, and never can they hope to recover it; nay, labor will render its goodwill direct to the nation only, without reference to the mine owners. When the mines become national property, therefore, the goodwill of labor must be excluded from the assessment. And what more than the bare equivalent of the original and added *real* capital, we ask, can anybody say the mines, and if you like, the minerals, are worth minus the goodwill of the Miners' Federation?

Questioned by the Premier before the Commission was appointed as to the introduction of a claim for joint management, Mr. Smillie, President of the Miners' Federation, replied that it was "due to the progress of Trade Union thought." What exactly is advanced Trade Union thought aiming at? It has visions of a society where services rendered will be the only title-deed to rights, where the individual will be responsible for his function, and have scope for the expression of his individuality in performing it. The forms through which these principles are to work are complete self-directing corporations, freely associated for the purpose of assuming collective responsibility for running the nation's industries, and built on the framework of the existing industrial and professional organizations. Their standards are to be the well-being of the producers and of the community. Voluntarily interrelated, absorbing all labor, actual and potential, the corporations are to include everybody from the general manager to the office boys and apprentices whose presence is essential to the best service. By a decentralized system of control, all must have a voice in determining the details of the work. Final authority is to remain vested in the State, which will fix the general principles within the sphere of which the corporations are to possess autonomy. The idea, in short, is the application of Guild principles to modern industry. The gradual accumulation of trade union tradition and the completion of the industrial organizations in Britain has made it perhaps the one country of the world where such a development can be regarded as natural, and likely to prove successful. That trade union will, intelligence, and power march in step makes it nearly inevitable.

For the success of such a system, however, we need two as yet unfulfilled conditions; namely, the harmonious voluntary cooperation of management and labor, and the power of the two jointly to organize credit. Failing these, how shall processes and

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services be coordinated without external interference, and how shall distribution and exchange, home and abroad, flow smoothly? The complexity of credit operations, which the war and the creation of a mass of paper wealth have made still more delicate, backed by the almost unlimited power of the credit controllers, renders it impossible for any unaided labor corporation to solve the credit problem. It may in the attempt provoke civil war, which England no less than Germany must avoid at any cost. Impoverished by the destruction of its current produce in war, what must England surely suffer if she were to run amuck in her own house? In this immense factory, revolution could be the deliberate object of nobody but lunatics, and a spontaneous outbreak arising from the lunacy of despair is unnecessary and unlikely. Reaction is the recruiting sergeant of the revolutionaries, and even in England efforts to stop the clock might bring disaster. The credit problem is everybody's problem; it cries at everybody's door for solution; the nation groans in face of it; moreover it must be solved before the

functional society planned by the social philosophers can have even rudimentary being. We live in faith that Britain will solve it constitutionally.

Management—the middle class of present-day terminology—is still undecided on which side to throw its weight; whether in the end it will join forces with capital or with labor depends on two things, the progress of ideas and the oscillation of the balance of power between the two. In its most enlightened quarters, however, management is awake to the fact that the future is with labor; the National Association of Shipbuilding and Engineering Draughtsmen, for instance, includes in its program "the control of the industry in conjunction with all the workers engaged in it." But the union for better or worse of management and labor in the mining industry being wanting, joint-management between the State and the Miners' Federation appears, since all the counter proposals are open to such serious objection, to be the essential next step in the march of civilization in Britain.

ALBERT NEWSOME.

Bags and Barrows

FOUR YEARS AGO I gained the happy friendship of Mrs. Mary Ann, and she was a London costermonger, and the best friend I ever had.

There is no race in the world quite like the race of London costermongers, and in their own reasoned opinion none to equal it. Outside information about costermongers, I find, does not often go much beyond the word "buttons." The buttons are the disguise of the coster, the shining armor in which he encloses himself in self-defense against an impertinent world of social trespassers and journalists. If a coster goes "up west," he dons his buttons, and decorates his donkey and his wife absurdly with feathers. It is as if he knew that these things arrest and dazzle the eye of the silly outsider. The merely international audience of the International Horse Show—the most unique feature of which the coster is permitted to provide annually—will concentrate its field glasses upon the buttons, and say, "Ah . . . buttons . . . costermongers. . . Albert Chevalier . . . how quaint, . . ." and enquire no further.

The London coster or barrer-chap, is the knight errant of the East End; on him the mantle of the soldier of fortune has fallen. In spite of his loud voice and his unreticence, there is always a hint of mystery and romance, I think, in his coming and going. The rattle of his donkey and barrow over the cobbles of his narrow courts has a reminder in it of distant undomestic days, when those narrow

courts were loud with the passing of young armed men with their pockets full of money and their heads full of wine and their hearts full of the vague and shining pursuit of adventure. The coster, though caged behind the bars of London, manages to live violently and generously, and to bring the delusion of speed and space and the quick elements into our dim close streets.

While it is still very early and starry, he and his donkey swing out into an unknown dawn-lit wilderness of markets. There I like to imagine all the riches of the earth spread out for his choosing. There he swaggers, clinking the money in his great pockets, up and down, between hills of flowers and green things with morning smells, and golden fruits from very distant incredible lands. Thence he comes with the rising of the sun, striding with a loud song beside his barrow, which is loaded to the very donkey's tail with treasure. On his way to his pitch, he stops at such shops as Mrs. Mary Ann's, and lifts off his head the high basket of flowers, and fills his pockets with little parcels of her merchandise, and tells us the news of early-rising London, and whose eye was blacked up his court last night, and in whose honor his donkey wears a rose in its hair this morning.

Mrs. Mary Ann is a coster whose body has been caught and made prisoner by misadventure, but whose spirit still runs wild. Early in life she was disabled by the loss of a leg, and from the resulting

conditions I think she gained much of her sympathy and her ardent courage. To her little Ground Floor Front come all the Brown Borough comedies to catch her smile, and all the tragedies to look for the comfort that she knows how to give. She has a very loud discordant laugh, and a fine swearing range, and an unerring aim in the throwing of her crutch, but she has no worldly wisdom. Blankets, bought with great difficulty, seem to ebb away from her bed to the beds of her least desirable friends. Somehow there is always a slip between her cup and lip, her supper is apt to take wings unto itself and fly upstairs to Bill Watson's latest woman, who, as the depressing Brown Borough idiom has it, is "just expecting her trouble."

At the beginning of the war, Mrs. Mary Ann and I found a small seriously damaged room overlooking the only tree in the Brown Borough. Its wainscoting had fallen down, but we propped it up with our two chairs; on its floor we trod gingerly; its wall was, in parts, composed of wallpaper only. I remember that Mrs. Mary Ann's crutch, thrown at an offending customer, once made a hole in the wall. We had to paste it over with a half-pint banana bag. In this room Mrs. Mary Ann and I established our bag-business; from this room into thousands of offices and homes went our little brown paper bags filled with the kindly fruits of the earth. All day Mrs. Mary Ann sat before the big broken window with her eyes on the unique tree and her independent hands unceasingly at work amid a mountain range of paper. Up the slopes of the range swept her dripping brush, and down the slopes slid her thumb, folding the edges of a thousand sheets with one regal gesture. It was Young Ninny, the adopted daughter, who separated the finished bags into little tame packets, half-pints, ones, and twos, and tied them together in hundreds. Sometimes this was my job too, but more often I was paper-hunting.

Paper in London, since the beginning of the war, has been as difficult to find as happiness. In price it went up gradually to about a thousand per cent, in quantity it was negligible, in quality it degenerated into a bitter joke. I have occasionally been almost offended by the sight of Mrs. Mary Ann helpless with laughter over paper which I have bought, so to speak, with my life's blood. Was it for this that I had played upon the difficult heart-strings of Jewish wholesale dealers, for this that I had come, splashing through grey wet snow or panting through the heat, with paper whose price was above the price of rubies, three or four glorious reams of it, flopping like jelly on a borrowed coster-barrow? Mrs. Mary Ann and the barrer-chaps could see in it nothing but a joke; they would stick

their fingers wittily through it to show its inferiority. Monsieur Jacques, the antique-chair-maker, would hurry from his basement, followed always by a gust of chickens—which he incorrigibly kept in coops under his bed—to join in the fun. Mr. Bill Watson, the lodger on the top floor, who earned five pounds a week at "night work," and kept a gramophone and a fat lady friend in his front room and a starved wife and children at the back, would kick a rickety child downstairs to ask when we were going to allow a little . . . sleep to a man who'd been all night serving his . . . country. Young Ninny, Mrs. Mary Ann's adopted daughter, aged seven, would feel called upon to rebuke her circle for its levity on a serious matter.

"'Ere, 'ere, ma, less of it. 'Pears to me as it ain't no blasted joke. We got ter live on this giddy rubbish, an' bread gawn up another farden to-diy."

Mrs. Mary Ann is always at the mercy of some adopted relation or other. She has spent all her years of comparative discretion in adopting children, and in quarreling with them when they reached an age likely to be useful to her. The cause of the quarrels, I noticed, was always their jealousy of successors. It is obviously unbearable, after being for years the adopted apple of an eye, to return one evening and find a fresh apple suddenly blossoming on the stem. And never respectable blossoms either. Forlorn babies touch an insane spot in Mrs. Mary Ann's heart. Girls "expecting their trouble" gravitate towards her, and inevitably disappear in due course, leaving their "troubles" to be a difficulty and a delight to Mrs. Mary Ann.

The whole of our coster clientele is in our confidence on these and other matters, and in return our customers make of our shop something, I think, akin to the salon so much desired by other women. Mrs. Mary Ann has no culture, only a smile to share. She seldom goes out to explore the world; no newspapers enter the shop except those which wrap up the tripe, and even those are read by no-one but Young Ninny. But, for her talk among her friends, possibly Mrs. Mary Ann finds in the unique tree on which her eyes are so often fixed, a source of sane inspiration.

In the matter of the European War, I am glad to say that she expresses a detached and sober sympathy with the Allies. She has, of course, seen the more blatant and personal side of war. She has watched the doves of war climbing her horizon over the unique tree to disseminate their curious gospel. The dreadful bodies of friends and customers have been laid upon her doorstep—her doorstep which they used to cross with their great coster laughter. Every night, sometimes for seven nights on end, has she been awakened to the nightmare task

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of wrapping up the hysterical Young Ninny, and despatching her through the ominous and deserted streets to official shelter, whither Mrs. Mary Ann herself would follow on slow and groping crutches, to the tune of the first bombs.

The coster race was slow to declare war on Germany. It was instinctively neutral. Life in the Brown Borough is so acutely personal that the entire outside world is looked upon as a thing unproven. A row somewhere down Europe way is no row, only something that enlarges the headlines of newspapers from which we ask no more than the necessary betting news. War was declared and became at once disagreeably domestic: the wet fruit season was absolutely ruined by the mobilization order, which, as far as the trade was concerned, simply wiped the railways off the map. The coster is proudly unskilled, he looks upon the trained artisan in very much the same way as many of us look upon the University Don—"Dreadfully clever no doubt, but—Lord—what a life." The coster has never failed, until 1914, to pick up easy money in the street. Now suddenly there was no trade in the streets—only soldiers and ominous newspapers, there was no audience for the coster cry, that cracked tenor call that changes like a bird's with the season—"Buy, buy, buy, fresh plums a-fine Oh."

The donkey grew thin, the missus and kids hungry, the master himself perpetually thirsty. He wanted, of course, to push in somebody's face about it, and pushed in, as a matter of course, the face of any German he met. But that didn't seem to help much. Where was Flanders, anyway? Evidently some inconsiderable spot on the further side of the Mile End Road. "Why didn't they cop this . . . Kayser? They're quick enough to put you an' me away for a . . . sight less." The government was obviously to blame as usual, making the walls look silly with red, white, and blue nonsense—"Your King and Country Need YOU." What for? "More likely we need 'im. 'Pears to me its about time 'e did somethink."

"Prince of Wales money" was given away at the Town Hall, but few costers applied for it. You had to tell your whole life's history for a quid or two, and a coster's life's history, as he knows, is not the kind that appeals to social workers, who like best quiet teetotal people who work indoors.

In May 1915 the Brown Borough enjoyed a special and private revelation. Five incredible incendiary bombs were dropped upon it suddenly, out of a starry sky.

The Brown Borough knew at once what to do. This really was a row up our street now, not a newspaper affair. Immense queues of men formed

outside the Town Hall recruiting office that day, under the very shadow of the smoke from their burnt houses. Costers fell into war as into a black pit, and were no more heard of.

Just at first the women amused themselves with anti-German riots. They were not accustomed to being left out of rows, and wrecking bakers was a fine lark. I regret to add that it was a paying lark too, the price of bread having gone up. Mrs. Mary Ann never approved of it.

"Blasted nonsense," she said, splashing paste irritably all over her visitors in a fever of industry. "Ain't pore Mrs. Klein pore Mrs. Klein still, War or no War. A pore thing, I grant you, lettin' the Parish fetch up 'er children—the ones she didn' manage to bury first—but all the sime, as 'armless as a suckling dove. The War ain't bin an' turned 'er into a rampagin' lion, 'as it? T'ain't as if she ever 'ad any truck with the Kayser. . . ."

So the costers, who always loved a row, joined in the Super-Row, far beyond the Mile End Road. At home business has looked up again. Come what may, the fruit must ripen in the orchards and gravitate towards the hungry city. The donkey and barrow still decorate the curb outside our shop, and in the barrow sits the missus, laughing and belligerent still, wearing a little crepe band round her arm, and a little cold War Office notice over her heart. There have been many nights when Mrs. Mary Ann and Young Ninny got no sleep. To her ground floor front, whither the "ole man" used to come with his jokes, his missus comes now to hide her tears on a good comforter's pillow.

"This War don't seem to get no better," said Mr. Stevens, our veteran customer, at the same time pressing into my hand half a crown for the benefit of the War in question. He has been used to obliging his friends with gifts, though never with loans, and he is therefore willing, when business is good, to tip the Chancellor of the Exchequer half a crown a week, if Mrs. Mary Ann assures him that the cause is good. Money in his view is either kept in the pocket or given away; he cannot bear to have the matter mentioned again, or to find an insidious dividend trying to creep back into his pocket. "This War don't seem to get no better. Almost 'pears to me like the more money I puts into it, the worse it gets. There's my boy Bill's boy Elbert gawn now; the War Office sent Bill word last night."

"Ow, shut yer 'ead about the War an' Bill's boy," said Mrs. Mary Ann, whose emotions are mostly clothed in the guise of anger. "Bill's boy's luckier nor most, anyway. 'Es managed to do a good day's work, an' get a good night's rest after it, for once!"

But when the chastened Mr. Stevens retreated, leaving with me a double contribution to the War, by way of reparation for his lapse in tact, Mrs. Mary Ann threw the paste-brush down, and laid her arms on a bulwark of bags, and her head on her arms.

"Bill's boy gawn. . ." she said. "All the chaps gawn. English or German—it don't seem to make no difference. By Gawd, it's got to be a pretty fair peace, for to make this 'ere War worth while."

STELLA BENSON.

Bolshevik Russia and Jacobin France

SO FAR THERE HAS BEEN little adequate appreciation of the spiritual kinship between the French and Russian Revolutions. Those who form their impressions of Soviet Russia from the testimony before the Overman Committee and similar sources naturally see nothing in the Bolshevik upheaval except a gigantic and altogether unparalleled outburst of criminal lunacy. Apologists and sympathizers with revolutionary Russia sometimes cite the French Reign of Terror as a precedent for the excesses of the Bolsheviks; but here their sense of historical resemblance seems to stop.

Now the use of terror is one of the least significant of the many features which are common to the two great revolutions. Both in general form and in minute detail there is a striking likeness between the completed structure of revolutionary France and the incomplete edifice which is still being built up in Russia. This likeness is especially marked in the closing stages of the two movements, in the period dominated in France by the Jacobins, in Russia by the Bolsheviks. Both revolutions were directed against peculiarly abominable systems of tyranny and injustice. Both, at their inception, won the admiration and sympathy of the whole world by their moderation and bloodlessness. In each case sympathy and admiration were gradually transformed into disgust and horror as the upheaval assumed more and more violent aspects, sweeping away one cherished tradition after another in a hurricane of blood and fire.

Alike in Russia and in France there was a time when it seemed that the abuses of the old regime might be gradually removed without recourse to violence, civil war, and the definite alignment of class against class. The end of this period in France was marked by the expulsion of the Girondist deputies from the Convention in June 1793; in Russia it was signalized by the overthrow of the Kerensky government and the subsequent dissolution of the Constituent Assembly. In France this transition period occupied nearly four years; in Russia only eight months elapsed between the downfall of the Czar and the Bolshevik coup. This acceleration of the last stage of the revolution in Russia can be accounted for by the pressure of the

War and the weakness of the Kerensky government.

Judged by any abstract theoretical standard the sailors who dispersed the Constituent Assembly and the armed Parisian mob which forced the Convention to expel its Girondist deputies committed an outrageous violation of all democratic principles. And yet it is difficult not to feel that both these acts, violent and arbitrary as they were, marked an inevitable forward step in the advance of the two revolutions. It was only after the exclusion of the Girondists that the feudal dues were definitely and completely abolished, that adequate steps were taken to confiscate the huge estates of the emigres and divide them up among the poverty-stricken peasants. In the same way it was only after the transfer of power to the Soviets that the Land Law, with its companion pieces of social legislation, came into being. There is still another fact, usually ignored or glossed over by conservative observers, which must be taken into consideration. France in 1793, like Russia in 1917, was living under the perpetual shadow of a possible counter-revolution. Had the plots of Kornilov and the French royalists succeeded, the most moderate social and political reforms would certainly have been swept away in a torrent of reaction. That they did not succeed was chiefly due to the stern and inflexible revolutionists who snatched the power away from the vacillating Kerensky and the unreliable Girondist.

Bolshevik Russia and Jacobin France were both compelled to face large armies of foreign enemies. In each case there was the same underlying motive for intervention—the instinctive jealous hostility of the established order towards a new movement which seemed to threaten the very foundations of society with destruction. The effects of intervention were also quite similar. Foreign invasion produced an extraordinary, almost a miraculous, recrudescence of fighting spirit in the French and Russian peoples. There is a dramatic contrast indeed between the royalist French army which fled in disgraceful panic before a handful of Prussians at Rossbach and the revolutionary levies that hurled back the superior forces of the coalition at Valmy and Jemmappes. And there is an equally striking contrast between the helpless, disorderly mob that

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threw down its arms and refused to fight before Brest-Litovsk and the resolute, effective Red Army that drove the Czecho-Slovaks from the Volga and the French from the Ukraine. It is quite true that, in Russia and France alike, the revolutionary governments employed conscription in raising their armies. But it is equally true that conscription would have proved altogether ineffective in practice if it had not been supported by a spirit of ardent and unquenchable popular enthusiasm.

Another effect of intervention, regrettable but inevitable, was an appalling increase in the use of terror on the part of the revolutionists. The most abominable cruelties of the French Revolution, the September Massacres, the drownings at Nantes, the wholesale shootings at Lyons and Toulon, can be directly ascribed to the presence or proximity of foreign invaders. It was certainly no mere coincidence that the worst acts of the much exaggerated Red Terror in Russia were committed during the late summer of 1918, when it seemed that any day might witness the fall of the Soviet Republic before the Allied and Czecho-Slovak armies. It is impossible to justify deeds of ruthless violence and terrorism under any conditions. But, when we recall the hysterical eagerness with which certain elements in our own country seized upon every opportunity to persecute real and imaginary cases of "pro-Germanism," it is surely easy to understand the frenzy that possessed the ignorant, oppressed French and Russian masses when they saw their revolution, their only hope of a better future, assailed and threatened with extinction by hosts of foreign bayonets.

The characters of the Bolshevik and Jacobin leaders are generally cast in a common mold. With few exceptions they are men fanatically devoted to their ideals, reckless of their own lives, and of the lives of others, supremely disinterested, and through this very disinterestedness devoid of pity for those whom they consider enemies of the revolution. Among them, as among the English Puritans of the seventeenth century, the most burning enthusiasm for a doctrinaire ideal is often combined with great shrewdness and practical sagacity. Coming down to specific examples, the resemblance between Lenin and Robespierre is unmistakable. The Russian is a devotee of Karl Marx; the Frenchman an ardent worshiper of Rousseau. Both men are characterized by inflexible will-power, and by a personal integrity that extorts the reluctant admiration of their bitterest enemies. Lenin has a more enlightened mind, a wider international background. Perhaps the best proof of his mental superiority lies in the fact that he has never fallen a victim to Robespierre's fatal delusion that terror is an effective means of securing the fruits of revolution. Yet in

essential outlines the two types of character are quite similar. In the same way a forerunner of Trotzky appears in St. Just, the fiery young enthusiast whose boundless energy and passionate eloquence contributed so much to the organization and victories of the revolutionary armies.

Russia, like France, has had her emigres; and here again the parallel is obvious. The Russian grand dukes, like the French nobles, are naively convinced that their regime of cruelty and rapacity, extravagance and oppression has somehow endeared them to the masses of the common people. The whole revolution, in their eyes, is the work of a few bad men, anarchists, criminals; all that is needed to destroy it is a little modest outside help in men and money. In Russian and French aristocrats alike is found the same inability to appreciate realities, the same ferocious hatred of their own people, the same disgraceful willingness to make any sacrifice of their country's peace and happiness that may help to give them back their old privileges and possessions. Prince Lvov and his associates in Paris protesting against every suggestion to relieve starvation in Bolshevik Russia are worthy successors of the French emigres who applauded the savage and bloodthirsty manifestoes of the Duke of Brunswick from their safe retreat at Coblenz. In exile as in power the Russian and French ruling classes consistently uphold their previous record of cruelty and selfishness.

Jacobins and Bolsheviks alike were called upon to face the most difficult and exacting problems of administration. They were obliged simultaneously to repress domestic plots, to repulse foreign invasion, to save their people from absolute starvation as a result of the abnormal conditions created by war, revolution, and previous maladministration. That they succeeded in maintaining their hold upon the government in the face of all these obstacles was not due solely, or even primarily, to the remarkable organizing capacity of some of their leaders. It was due rather to the intensely active cooperation of the revolutionary elements among the masses. In Russia these masses organized themselves in local soviets. In France they created the patriotic societies which radiated all over the country from the Jacobin stronghold of Paris. These active popular bodies formed the very backbone of the French and Russian Revolutions. Out of them came the best soldiers for the armies, the best workmen for the factories. It was due to their vigorous exertions that the supply of food and clothing and munitions was somehow kept up, that both revolutions did not perish in a welter of sheer chaos and anarchy.

Both movements temporarily inaugurated a new style of diplomacy. The fundamental spirit of Tchitcherin's recklessly unconventional state papers

is summed up in the famous announcement of the Convention that it was "the friend of all peoples and the enemy of all governments." In consistently making desperate and more or less successful efforts to supplement arms with propaganda, to break the iron ring of their enemies by fomenting domestic uprisings, the Bolsheviks are only following in the footsteps of the Jacobins. Other points of resemblance between the two movements are a pronounced anticlerical tendency, a passionate fondness for fetes and celebrations, an ardent and almost pathetic zeal for the speedy diffusion of enlightenment among the illiterate masses.

The French and Russian Revolutions both have their dark and bloody aspects. Through both there runs a strain of fierce fanaticism, the natural product of cruel and prolonged repression. This fanaticism often finds expression in acts of shocking and senseless brutality. Revolution, like war, makes men dangerously susceptible to the passions of suspicion, intolerance, and mob violence. The fruits of the French Revolution were partially lost through its excesses. Russia may have a similar experience. But, whatever the crimes and mistakes of the Jacobins and the Bolsheviks, the reactionary legends that represent them as monsters of unmitigated iniquity are certainly very far from the truth. To their account must be laid not only the terror, but also

nearly all the glorious positive achievements that are associated with the two great modern efforts to realize a freer and better world. If, in the course of the struggle, they often had recourse to stern and bloody methods, it should be remembered that, in this respect, their opponents were equally guilty. The Vendean counter-revolutionists of 1792, like Kolchak's Cossacks today, were notorious for their remorseless and diabolical savagery. French and Russian revolutionists alike were animated by the loftiest ideals, ideals that are admirably expressed in the great blazing watchword: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. And, though these ideals might be often forgotten or trampled under foot in the heat and fury of a desperate civil and foreign war, yet somehow they impress upon both movements an unmistakable character of beauty and nobility. Jacobin France did not develop into Rousseau's ideal state; yet there are few intelligent Frenchmen who would wish to see the years of the Revolution blotted from their country's history. Bolshevik Russia will probably not evolve into the perfect Marxian commonwealth; but future history will scarcely deny that the Russian Revolution played a part, and a very important part, in the advance of the human race towards spiritual and material freedom.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLAIN.

Chapters in Southern History

ABOUT A SCORE of the projected fifty volumes of the *Chronicles of America*, issued by the Yale University Press under the editorship of Professor Allen Johnson, have now been delivered to subscribers, and the critic may fairly judge how faithfully the series promises to fulfill the specifications of the prospectus: "To present the entire history of our country in the living form of a series of short narratives, each having a unity of its own but all articulated and so related that the reader will not only be entertained by the story in each volume, but will also be given a real vision of the development of this country from the beginning to the present day . . . to make the traditions of our nation more real and vivid to those of our citizens who are not in the habit of reading history." Brevity, consistency, and vividness are the qualities, then, which are counted on to recommend the *Chronicles* to a public heretofore indifferent to the blandishments of Clio.

It must be admitted that the volumes already published go far towards vindicating the claims of the prospectus. They average little more than 200 pages of little more than 200 words each. They

deal with topics, with tendencies, movements, crises, in our history, rather than with decades or periods (so that the title of *Chronicles*, if taken literally, is rather a misnomer). The editor has gone outside the guild of professional historians to find authors for many of the volumes, pressing into service economists, sociologists, publicists, poets, and novelists. Samuel P. Orth, Edwin E. Slosson, Bliss Perry, Mary Johnston, Stewart Edward White, and Emerson Hough are among the contributors. There is no embarrassing apparatus of learned footnotes referring to volume and page of weighty government documents to frighten away that very desirable but rather wary customer, "the general reader." A comparison of the *Chronicles* with Professor Hart's *American Nation* series, published only a few years ago, will suggest itself to every student of American history and will confirm the judgment of the more popular character of the *Chronicles*. The volumes of the *American Nation* are double the size of the *Chronicles* of America. They deal almost without exception with chronological epochs of about a decade each, and emphasize almost exclusively the political and

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economic events of those epochs. They are all written by scientific historians and are equipped with an abundance of learned apparatus. They are written for students first of all, with a cordial invitation for the general reader to share them; whereas the *Chronicles* are written for the general reader, but not without a full sense of responsibility for furnishing him with reliable as well as entertaining reading.

In spite of the attractiveness of titles and authors, however, and in spite of the lure of vivid pages and few, the publishers have endangered the popular reception of the *Chronicles* by launching the series in an edition de luxe (which had far more appropriately been called the J. P. Morgan edition than the Abraham Lincoln edition) in unbroken subscription sets of fifty volumes at \$3.50 a volume net. What proportion of "our citizens who are not in the habit of reading history" will be tempted to tackle a work of 10,000 pages in order to get acquainted with "the traditions of our nation," or will be able to pay \$175 for the privilege, we are not prepared to say—but we think it cannot be large.

Three of the volumes just issued lie before us. They deal with aspects of the great crisis of our national history, the secession of the slaveholding states, and are entitled respectively: *The Cotton Kingdom*, by William E. Dodd; *The Anti-Slavery Crusade*, by Jesse Macy; *The Day of the Confederacy*, by Nathaniel W. Stephenson. Professor Dodd's book (in reality an essay of less than 150 pages is a gem of conciseness, clarity, and consistency. It is devoted to the demonstration of the double consequence of the rise of the great cotton planters to a dominating position in the lower South, namely: the growing solidarity of opinion, political, philosophical, educational, religious, South of Mason and Dixon's line in favor of the extreme pro-slavery arguments; and the crystallization of society in the South into the static orders or castes of gentlemen, farmers, and slaves. Professor Dodd shows how inevitably geographical, climatic, and commercial conditions led to the rise of the great cotton magnates of the lower South, and how inevitably their establishment in the seats of social and political power was accompanied by a philosophy and ethics quite differently disposed toward slavery than the Jeffersonian abolitionism. President Thomas R. Dew, of the venerable college of William and Mary, announced the new slavery apologetics in his famous Report of the debates of the Virginia legislature of 1831-32: "It is the order of nature and of God that the being of superior faculties and knowledge, and therefore of superior power, should control and dispose of those who are inferior. It is as much in the order of nature that men should

enslave each other as that other animals should prey upon each other." However shocking to finer sensibilities this brutal frankness of language (so direct a reminder of the biological arguments for the right of might which we have lately read in certain German apologetics), nevertheless effective opposition to the realization of the slaveholders' stratified and static social system disappeared from the council halls, the churches, the schools of the South. "The social philosophy which began with the repudiation of the Declaration of Independence ended with the explicit recognition of social inequality" (page 146).

Professor Macy's volume on the *Anti-Slavery Crusade* is modeled on the abolitionist histories of half a century ago. The political philosophy and the constitutional theory of the Free Soil Party are assumed without argument or apology. For example, the object of the propaganda for the admission of Texas was "the extension of slave territory" purely and simply (page 17); the Whig Party went to pieces on the one jagged rock of the odious Fugitive Slave Act (page 111); Clay's election in 1844 would probably have resulted in the same fateful sequence of events—the annexation of Texas, the War with Mexico, the supersession of the Missouri Compromise—as did the election of Polk (page 90). Professor Macy finds nothing exasperating in the personality of Charles Sumner and little culpable in the behavior of John Brown (to whom an absurdly disproportionate amount of space is devoted). In most respects the volume is in sharp contrast to Professor Dodd's. It is descriptive rather than suggestive, diffuse rather than concise, without any crispness in style or freshness of matter, and occasionally erroneous in its statements—as when it says that Calhoun "declared himself prepared to dissolve the Union rather than submit to a protective tariff" (page 100), that the Missouri Compromise was "a question of the extension of slavery in the States" (page 30), that Abraham Lincoln uttered his famous sentence "A house divided against itself cannot stand" in the debates with Douglas for the senatorship (page 201).

However it is not on the contrast of these two volumes that we wish to dwell here, but rather on their remarkable coincidence of judgment on a certain point. Both the venerable Grinnell professor, of abolitionist antecedents, and the native son of North Carolina, who taught for several years in the Virginia College of Randolph-Macon, agree that the turning point in the attitude of the South towards abolition was that debate in the Virginia legislature whose Report by Thomas Dew we have already noticed. After that, says Macy, "there were few owners of slaves who publicly advocated

abolition . . . and the only recourse left seemed to be to follow the example of James G. Birney and leave the South or to submit in silence to the new order" (page 66). These words could as well have been in Professor Dodd's book, so thoroughly do they support his thesis of the submission of the upper South to the dictation of the cotton magnates after the close of the third decade of the nineteenth century. They show too how futile and pathetic were the protests of Virginia Whigs like Governor Wise and John Tyler against the tide that was sucking the Old Dominion down into the abysmal depths of the cotton magnates' demands; and how insincere or partisan-blinded is the determined reiteration of John Tyler's son and biographer that Southern men of influence ceased denouncing slavery after the early thirties only because they were unwilling to "play into the hands of their bitterest enemies," the abolitionists, and that Virginia—already beginning to discover that her "most profitable product was the slave who could be sold" (Dodd, page 9)—was compelled by these diabolical abolitionists to defend "an institution which she would have gladly sacrificed if left alone!" (Tyler's *Tyler*, Vol. I, pages 155, 157). We may applaud high-minded Virginians for their shame and resentment at seeing their state bound to the chariot wheels of the barons of the lower South, but we cannot approve their ostrichlike policy of plunging their heads into the sands of interminable metaphorical arguments on states rights to hide the facts.

For Professor Stephenson's volume on *The Day of the Confederacy* there can be only the highest praise. It fulfils admirably every condition prescribed for the *Chronicles*, and of all the books of the series that we have examined thus far it seems most distinctly a contribution to historical knowledge. We have the older, ponderous, apologetical histories of the Confederate cause by Davis, Stephens, and others; we have the ordinary accounts of the military vicissitudes and the economic exhaustion of the Confederacy in our various histories of the Civil War; we have an admirable account of the financial and commercial fortunes of the South of the war times in J. C. Schwab's *The Confederate States of America*. But till now we have had no succinct account of the intimate problems of Jefferson Davis' Government, of the reaction of the military fortunes on the Congress and the people, of the opposition to President Davis and Secretary Benjamin in the public assemblies and the press, of the resistance to conscription, food requisitions, the arming of the negroes, the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, of the antagonism of the "sovereign states"

to the "despotic" centralized government at Richmond, of the recalling of state militias from the Confederate army, of the mercurial fluctuations of hope and despair which followed the reports from Southern agents abroad, and of the desperate measures which preceded the final disintegration of the resources and hopes of the Confederacy.

All this and much more is presented in a story of exceptional discrimination and graphic style by Professor Stephenson. Southern scholars will perhaps find his estimate of Jefferson Davis' character and talents too low. "Integrity, courage, faithfulness, and zeal" are granted to the president of the Confederacy, but he "lacked that insight into human life which marks the genius of the supreme executive," he had "a dangerous bent towards bureaucracy," "he lacked humor," "his mind was dogmatic," he was too little appreciative of the work of his great generals and was even jealous of their military laurels, he "was not always wise in his choice of men," he refused to recognize the logic of facts, and his mind "crystallized" at last in a dogged belief in the invincibility of the Southern cause on the very eve of its downfall (pages 68, 69, 182, 196, 200). Students will find a much more favorable estimate of President Davis in Mr. Armistead C. Gordon's new biography in the series of *Figures from American History* (Scribner, 1918).

To return for a last word to the series as a whole, a cooperative work like the *Chronicles* is subject to many disadvantages. Not only is there the inevitable disparity in the quality of the various authors' contributions, but there is a constant danger of repetition. This is especially true in a series in which chronological metes and bounds are neglected for the sake of topical developments. The volumes of Professor Macy and Dodd, for example, cover a larger amount of common ground chronologically, and both have to deal with the political events of the forties and the fifties. Of course the approach is from widely different directions, and the expert reader realizes that what may seem contradictory to the "citizens who are not in the habit of reading history" is in reality only supplementary or corrective. Editorial watchfulness alone can reduce to a minimum the friction from this source. If subsequent volumes of the *Chronicles* maintain the high standard set by the great majority of those which have already appeared the enterprise will deserve only the highest commendation and will leave nothing to be desired but the hasty adaptation of the volumes to the pocketbook of the common man.

DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY.

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Uncertain, But Hopeful

"**U**NCERTAIN, BUT HOPEFUL" would have expressed the feeling of the Japanese press and publicists toward the prospects of Mr. Hara and the party cabinet which he organized late last September. Now, after the close of the Diet—a "disgustingly quiet" session, according to one paper—he faces peculiar administrative problems, and the attitude still is "uncertain, but hopeful."

Count Terauchi's resignation was hailed with joy. He had been chosen two years previously as frankly one of the military group, and in the hope that he could dominate his own party. He failed in this, and also failed to win popular support. The climax came with the rice riots; those curious, half economic, half political disturbances of August and September. The time was ripe for a change. Many demanded a pure party government. The aged, liberal-minded Marquis Saionji forced the hands of the militarists by refusing the premiership for himself and recommending the head of the dominant political party in the Diet, Mr. K. Hara. There was no alternative. The militarists, represented by Count Terauchi, had failed to provide a satisfactory government, and out of their failure came the opportunity for what promised to be a real forward step in constitutional government in Japan.

Mr. Hara got together Japan's first party cabinet. He has been in the saddle for half a year now, and there is no immediate prospect of his being ousted.

I say "in the saddle" instead of "in control" advisedly. The military group failed to prevent his selection as head of the Government, but its power still is great. At least it is only on the assumption of a divided authority in Tokyo that one can get any clue to certain inconsistencies in Japan's policy and the acts of various Japanese officials.

The matter of free speech offers a good illustration. One of the most bitter indictments which the press laid against Count Terauchi related to the rigid police prohibitions and suppressions of various news items and of popular discussion. Mr. Hara promised to change this. He has done so to a large extent, in the matter of public meetings. But apparently the police control of news and of editorial comment is as rigid as ever—though now the restrictions come in the form of "advice" rather than of prohibition. One hesitates to criticize, however, when he remembers that the police have had decades of training in suppressing to months of ex-

perience in granting freedom. Yet it is curious that, as far as one somewhat on the outside can learn, the items suppressed relate chiefly to matters involving the military authorities.

The relations with China show a more serious result of the double government. Mr. Hara began by promising a new policy of friendliness, particularly in helping China to cure her civil ills. Loans from Japan had been used largely by the Northern militarists against the South; so there would be no more loans. China's "model army" was being used against the South instead of as a defense along the Russian border; therefore supplies and arms for this army would no longer be sent from Japan. China should be free to present her claims at the Peace Conference; accordingly Japan would make no effort to control her acts. These were the promises.

No more loans have been made. But in other ways it has seemed at times exasperatingly as though there had been no change in policy.

Tang Shao-yi, leader of the Southern delegation at the Chinese peace conference at Shanghai, protested the continued shipment of arms to the North. An inquiry revealed that in spite of the Cabinet's promise, and quite without its knowledge, arms had continued to go forward as before, with the sanction of the general staff. Here was a clear case of conflicting authority. Mr. Hara acted promptly and vigorously. The shipments of arms were stopped—presumably really stopped this time—and certain offending Japanese army officials in China were recalled. Mr. Hara seems to have won this open clash with the militarists.

Then there is the matter of the secret documents. The Chinese delegates at Paris called the attention of the Conference to the existence of various secret agreements which they alleged Japan had forced on China. Promptly Mr. Obata, the Japanese minister at Peking, called at the Chinese foreign office, stated that Japan had a million men under arms and a large navy and merchant fleet, and then "advised" China that it was against diplomatic precedent for one party to a secret agreement to disclose that agreement without the other party's consent. This threat aroused a furor in both the foreign and the native press in China. Mr. Obata explained that he had acted at the request of the Japanese delegates at Paris, and without instructions from Tokyo. Then a little later, after receiving a delayed telegraphic report of an interview given out by Viscount Chinda at Paris, he flatly contradicted

himself by saying he had acted under orders direct from his home Government. Evidently something was wrong under the surface. But the incident strengthened neither Mr. Obata nor Japan in the eyes of China.

Subsequently, publication in full of all the agreements was promised. They have not appeared yet, except for one or two which have been issued only semi-officially and with no statement from authoritative sources that these are all, nor even that the complete text of those published has appeared. One wonders about this, because there is no apparent reason for secrecy in what has been given to the press.

Mr. Hara's course has not been entirely smooth. Certain things he has accomplished however; certain constructive, forward-looking things. I have already spoken of his clash with the militarists about the shipment of arms to China. He had come into direct but less open conflict with them earlier, in connection with the selection of the chief delegate to the Peace Conference—and here also he had been successful.

In many ways Viscount Kato seemed the logical choice for this position. He was Foreign Minister when Japan entered the war, he has served as ambassador with great success, and he is head of the leading opposition party in the Diet. The militarist papers were loud in their demand that he be Japan's chief representative. But he also is the man responsible for the notorious Twenty-One Demands on China, and he has otherwise proven himself a strong imperialist. One can quite understand why the military group sought his appointment, and also why Mr. Hara preferred Marquis Saionji. Ever since his boyhood, when he was a school fellow of Clemenceau in France, this Elder Statesman has been consistently liberal and progressive in all his political efforts.

Marquis Saionji was chosen, with Baron Makino, another liberal, as his chief second.

Another kind of success came to Mr. Hara with the passage of the electoral reform bill. This time there was no contest with the militarists, but only with a half-hearted opposition in the Diet. The chief features of the new bill are that it greatly increases the number of "single member" districts, and, more important, that it reduces materially the tax-paying qualification for franchise and so doubles the number of voters and gives a voice in the government to practically the entire middle class. The proportion of voters still is small, compared with Western states, but this bill is a definite step forward.

Recently a curious phenomenon has appeared in

the Japanese press—a violent burst of anti-Americanism. One is much at a loss to understand this. There has been more or less talk ever since the opening of armistice negotiations with Germany, especially in the militarist papers, to the effect that Japan must keep up her army and navy and must watch America's "aggression" in the East with great care, now that America has shown herself in her true light as a militaristic, imperialistic nation. If these papers didn't take it all so seriously, one would be rather amused at the violence of the tone, sometimes. Whether justified or not, one tends to find something more than coincidence in the fact that this anti-American campaign increased in vigor immediately after the prospect of a working league of nations became definite, and grew still more intense when it was proposed to abolish conscription throughout the world. The achievement of either of these immediately would close the career of power of the militarists in Japan. Their only hope is to stir the people by creating the bogey of a potential foe. No nation but America is available for this purpose. And a certain plausibility is lent to their arguments by the fact that America did develop a great army in a remarkably short time, that she has tremendous economic resources, and that she is turning to the Orient for commercial expansion. Also, their cause has been helped on by the past and present statements of certain American senators. The end of this is not yet.

But to return to Mr. Hara. Now that the Diet is up, and he is free to turn his attention more exclusively to administrative problems, we shall have a new test of his ability. There are grave problems ahead of Japan as of other nations. Korea is presenting an alarming spectacle, especially from the Japanese point of view. Unemployment and a serious business depression are growing specters—resulting not from demobilization but from the collapse of hundreds of flimsily, hastily established shipbuilding and manufacturing concerns. And the cost of living still is exorbitant.

There is no doubt of Mr. Hara's ideals or desires. The only question is of his power to control rather than be controlled by the military group. If he succeeds, and can remain at the helm for another year or two, party government will have been reasonably well established, especially if the power of the militarists is broken by the abolition of conscription under a league of nations. Mr. Hara already has won part at least of his direct conflicts with the clansmen. This is an auspicious augury.

GROVER CLARK.

The Peasant as Peacemaker

THAT AUGUST DEITY, the future historian, will probably not be tempted to devote much attention to any part of the Great War except its beginning and its end. The war itself will present to him a mere blood and thunder drama: only the prologue and epilogue will furnish him with materials worthy of his muse. He will doubtless endeavor to focus his inquiries through the lens of a great dominant personality, and the name of Wilhelm III, Lloyd George, Count Czernin, or Woodrow Wilson will call for his just consideration. But some of these international characters enter the war belatedly, and others make a hasty exit, midst gallery hoots, before the drama is fully enacted. The biography of one man alone will enable our historian completely to make head and tail out of the entire situation, from 1871 to 1919. His name is Georges Clemenceau.

"In France," observe Messrs. Geddes and Brantford in *The Coming Polity*, "every man tends to be a Parisian or a peasant." It is the peculiar merit of Clemenceau that he is something of both, and he thus embodies not merely his time but his country. In a few salient lines Mr. H. W. Hyndman, the ancient premier's latest biographer, sketches the background of his early existence (Clemenceau: *The Man and His Time*; Stokes). Born in Le Vendee in 1841, the son of a landowner practicing medicine among the stricken peasants of his neighborhood, Clemenceau fell heir at the moment of birth to a twofold heritage. The land itself rooted the man to its agricultural past, with its unremitting labor, its penuries, and its single-minded effort to cultivate the earth and cleave to its products. "France means rural France." There more than elsewhere in the Western World the "country" identifies itself with the open country. Throughout his boyhood Clemenceau was thrown among human beings whose sympathies were stunted and whose actions were brutalized "by their ever present greed for gain." Higher in pecuniary status, young Clemenceau was nevertheless one of them. When half a century later his biographer sought to discuss with him the progress of socialism, he belittled the importance of the movement by calling up to mind the simple landowners and fishermen of his native region and asking what chance a proposal for nationalizing land would have among these faithful gleaners of the earth. So much for his first heritage.

On the other hand, Clemenceau's immediate contacts in his home brought him in touch with the superficial culture of his own time, for his father was a materialist and a republican, and the career

of Clemenceau in Paris is that of a radical, an anti-clerical, and a builder of the Third Republic. M. Georges Lecomte (Clemenceau: *The Tiger of France*; Appleton) has written a panegyric upon this second element in Clemenceau's makeup, as a representative politician and Parisian, but he tells only half the story. In his reverence for the man of maturity M. Lecomte overlooks the obdurate and indomitable boy, and he accordingly mistakes the beauty of the efflorescence for the strength of the roots. Yet the further one penetrates the character of Clemenceau the more apparent it becomes that his first three lustrums in the open country outweigh as many generations spent in the city. For beneath the various professional guises of medical student, philosopher, school teacher, journalist, and administrator lie the tenacious jealousies and loyalties of the instinctive nationalist, and the nationalism which Clemenceau embodies is at bottom simply that of the peasant, eager to plant his fields in security of harvest, insistent upon respect for his property, reluctant to abandon traditional usages, angry at all trespass, and skeptical of any sort of legal relation which seems to imply disregard for the fences and ditches that encircle his fields.

The state may indeed be the city writ large, but la patrie of the nationalist is the farmstead of a family extended to embrace a nation. The state is a civil, and the "country" a rural, concept. To a peasant the loss of territory means flat disaster: it stands for the uprooting of family ties and increased difficulties in finding subsistence. Naturally he thinks of affairs of state in terms of his own estate. Clemenceau's protest against Germany's appropriation of Alsace-Lorraine was the cry of an outraged and unrelenting peasant, and the proof of this is that whereas less representative writers and politicians tended to let this ancient wrong slide into oblivion Clemenceau was ever watchful to keep the memory of it alive. Alsace-Lorraine was the King Charles' Head which Clemenceau could never keep from bobbing up in his speeches and articles. He judged every new profession of Germany, he judges even those of the democratic regime today, in the light of its oldtime practices. Like the Alsatian he mentions in *France Facing Germany* (Dutton), Clemenceau was "one of those who do not forget."

During two generations of abated physical hostility Clemenceau succeeded, with a vestal patience, in keeping the fires of warfare burning. While it was Bismarck's policy to promote French imperialism in order to take the mind of the defeated nation off

the lost territory in the East, it was Clemenceau's cue to combat the far-flung expeditions in Africa and Asia lest the old sentiment of humiliation, coupled with the hope for revenge and recovery, should be buried by new military triumphs. Strengthen the core of France; concentrate within; develop integrity and firmness; prepare yourselves with a three-year military service act—for in the end we must fight the forces that gather against us beyond the Rhine. Day in and day out this was the counsel Clemenceau reiterated, in books, in speeches, and in editorials. He began by painting the devil on the wall, and by the very act of painting (as a disciple of William James will quickly see) created the devil which was finally to leap over the wall. Every time that Germany officially offered the hand of friendship, the wily old peasant in the Parisian shook his head firmly and pointed in contempt to the saber that glinted beneath the cloak. While there was a chance of victory by crossing rapiers he doggedly refused to clasp hands.

"The dead have created the living; the living will remain faithful to the dead." On that note Clemenceau concluded his famous speech on the Moroccan affair in February 1912. Is it necessary to point out that the dead whom Clemenceau remembered were those who had fallen in the shameful debacle of 1870, and that the tradition he remained faithful to was that which was regnant in the bellicose period of his youth? It was the misfortune of the world that the robbery of Alsace-Lorraine should ever have been allowed. It was a crowning disaster that the Great War should have been settled under the auspices of the one man who had devoted his life to disallowing this malappropriation, and whose ideas and impulses were directed by the precedents established in that early time. In solving the problem of Alsace-Lorraine it was only natural that the new conqueror should have taken the opportunity to create a new "Alsace-Lorraine." The present peace of Versailles may indeed gratify the lares and penates of ancestral France, but it is dedicated to ideals and conditions which have no sanction in the worlds of industry, commerce, and thought brought into existence by the twentieth

century. It is a peace faithful to the dead—with a vengeance. Doubtless the dead are satisfied, for Clemenceau, their spokesman and devotee, says that the peace which he dictated is "good." Whether those who are most concerned with enjoying the fruits of the present victory will so regard the antiquated arrangements and guarantees upon which Clemenceau has been so insistent cannot immediately be answered, for the generation this faithful old creature of the jungle failed to pay due attention to is that which is yet to be born.

Understanding is notoriously the basis of forgiveness, and those who read the story of Clemenceau's life will not be tempted to judge its wretched consummation too harshly. It is by the law of the opening age that he has sinned: in terms of his own period and ancestry, in terms of that France which was republican during its imperialism, and imperialist in spite of its republicanism, he stands at the pinnacle of success. It is true that he spent his life in fostering the processes of traditional animosity. But in strengthening France for war he was only building logically upon the postulates of statecraft which had value and currency in his youth. At the critical moment he took up the burdens of state when his policies seemed about to collapse in an indeterminate (more or less unresentful) peace, and he brought the conflict to a "successful conclusion." It is enough to judge him in his own words. "A wise settlement, which should be hailed with joy by all civilized nations, should put an end to these alternations of peace and massacre, resulting from the victory of one side or the other. But this will not be possible until there shall appear a conqueror superior to his conquest, a victor who will be a hero in moderation" (1912). There spoke the Parisian, the representative of the City Luminant. Senility, alas! carries men back to their childhood, and at the peace of Versailles it was not the man of culture and philosophy that presided. Looking over the terms of the unrevised treaty one discovers plainly the harsh, crabbed hand of the peasant—covetous, small-visioned, embittered, and perpetually distrustful.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Flowers and Fools

I hope it may be worth while to pen—
For it is true, not a thing there's whim in—
But there are as many Opinions as men,
As many Passions as women.

P. H. BELKNAP.

Sunt Rerum Lacrimae

WHEN, a little over a year ago, translations of Chinese poetry began to appear over the signature of Arthur Waley, the literary supplement of the London Times devoted a leader to a panegyric of them and, among other things, predicted that the whole course of occidental poetry might well and for that matter profitably be changed by this spiritual invasion from the East. The writer in the Times was most struck by the total absence, in Chinese poetry, of the literary artifices which, for the last twenty-five centuries at any rate, have made occidental poetry what it is. He was moved, as others have been, by the bare simplicity of it, its stalwart and rugged adherence to the homelier facts and truths, its contemplative naivete, its honesty, and its singularly charming blend of the implicit and the explicit. These are, indeed, the conclusions which one out of ten readers of Mr. Waley's collection, *One Hundred and Seventy Chinese Lyrics* (Knopf), might justifiably reach. Mr. Waley has employed as his translation-medium, for the most part, a free verse in which, despite his preface (he appears to consider that he has kept the rhythm of the original), there is hardly a trace of any sort of rhythm other than that of a well-felt prose. But this is a fact which (after a few lines) one has completely forgotten; for Mr. Waley has produced a book which, strictly regarded as a piece of English literature, has a remarkable beauty. As poetry one has little but praise for it. It is a clear enough, and precious enough, addition to our English gamut. If one has any quarrel with it at all, one quarrels with it as a translation.

And here, I believe, there is some ground for thinking Mr. Waley's book misleading. For, as noticed above in the case of the writer in the London Times, most people will instantly conclude, after reading these deliciously candid and straightforward free-verse poems, that Chinese poetry is a far simpler and far less artificial affair than ours; and many who already incline towards the less formal of poetic methods will employ this as the final coup de grace in their argument against an art of delicate elaboration. Their argument, of course, gains force with the publication of any successful book of free verse; but of the historical argument which Mr. Waley's book seems so completely to afford them they must be deprived. For Chinese poetry is not a poetry even remotely akin to free verse; and it is far from being artless.

As a matter of fact, little as one would gather it from Mr. Waley's preface, or from Judith Gau-

tier's preface to Chinese Lyrics from the Book of Jade (Huebsch), or from Mr. Cranmer-Byng's preface to *A Lute of Jade* (Dutton)—all of which are in almost equal measure informative and confusing—Chinese poetry is perhaps more elaborately and studiously artificial (as distinguished from artless) than any other. The literary traditions are so powerful and inflexible as to be almost ritualistic. The forms are few and exactly prescribed, the rules many. When it is recalled that the Chinese language is entirely monosyllabic; that the variety of rhymes is small; that all words are, for the purposes of poetry, inflected as either flats or sharps (the inflection for each word being fixed); and that Chinese poetry employs not only rhyme, and an exact number of syllables in each line, but that these syllables must follow a precise pattern in accordance with inflection (equivalent, in a degree, to our ictus), one begins to see how complex an art it is. A typical four-line stanza, for example, with seven words to a line, the cesura falling unalterably after the fourth word, and rhyming perhaps *a, a, b, a*, is as follows:

Flat flat sharp sharp	flat flat sharp
Sharp sharp flat flat	sharp sharp flat
Sharp sharp flat flat	flat sharp sharp
Flat flat sharp sharp	flat flat sharp.

Almost all Chinese poetry of the great periods is stanzaic, and almost all of it is short, the quatrain and the poem of eight or twelve lines being the most common lengths. A few poets have essayed longer poems, some of them narrative—notably Po Chū I—but these are exceptions.

It is therefore with all these facts in mind that one should read the translations of Mr. Waley, or Mr. Cranmer-Byng; or Mr. Whitall's translations of the French versions by Judith Gautier. Of the three books, Mr. Waley's is distinctly the most comprehensive and from the literary point of view the most successful. The other two are usefully supplementary however, for the reason that the Cranmer-Byng versions are for the most part metrical and in rhyme, and serve somewhat to correct one's impression that Chinese poetry is non-literary; and that the Whitall book consists largely of love poems, the element in which the other books are weakest. From the three volumes, taken together, emerges the fact that Chinese poetry is among the most beautiful that man has written. Artificial and elaborate it may be as regards the mold into which it is cast; but, at any rate as presented to us in Arthur Waley's book, it seems, by contrast with

most occidental poetry, poignantly simple and human. How much of this we must credit to Mr. Waley we cannot, of course, tell. We must remember that it is above all else a poet's *art* which the Chinese set store by. A part of the charm of this poetry, stripped of its art for us who are occidental, must inevitably be simply due to its combination of the strange with the familiar, of the remote with the comprehensible. But one is tempted to go farther and to say that Chinese poetry seems more than any other a cry from the bewildered heart of humanity. Sorrow is the most persistent note in it—sorrow, or sorrowful resignation; sorrow for the inevitable partings of friends, sorrow for the home remembered in exile, for the departure of youth, the futility of a great career, the injustice of man, the loneliness of old age. The Freudians will have something to explain in the remarkable infrequency with which it deals with love between the sexes; it is friendship which is most honored. And perhaps one is wrong in saying that these poems, even as given in the limpid free verse of Mr. Waley, in delicately colloquial prose-rhythms, are altogether artless. The rhythm of ideas is clear; and that sort of dim counterpoint which may be manifest in the thought itself is not less apparent. Simple and homely as appear the details by which these poets evoke a mood, simple and homely and prosaic as the mood itself may appear, it is when one attempts retrospectively to reconstruct the steps by which any such mood-poem was completed that one perceives how exquisitely selective was the poet, with what patient fastidiousness he searched for the clear qualities of things, and with what a magical precision he found just that tone of restraint, almost of matter-of-factness, which fairly whizzed with overtones. A popular form of Chinese poetry is the four-line poem called the stop-short, in which the sense is supposed to continue after the poem has stopped. But even in the longer poems that is almost universally the method. It is the hum of reverberations, after the poem has been read, that is sought for. And even such a narrative poem as

Po Chü I's Everlasting Wrong, one of the famous "long" poems of the language (though it runs only to a few pages), is constructed in accordance with this instinct, and is, therefore, really a sequence of lyrics.

Does all this mean that Chinese poetry is profoundly unlike our own? Perhaps not, in theory. Restraint and understatement have always been characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry, though not to the same extent. It is in the sort of themes chosen that one feels the most profound divergence. Our own themes are apt to be sublimated and "literary," to some degree conventionalized, no matter how simple and colloquial may be the treatment. The themes of the Chinese poets are highly conventionalized—the same themes used over and over again—but they are essentially simple. *Sunt rerum lacrimae*—it is the pathos in things that the Chinese poets play upon, century after century; the inanimate things, the things of humble human use, the small utilities which we associate with lives simply lived, supply the medium through which Li Po or Po Chü I or T'ao Ch'ien pierce our hearts. One is struck by the childlike candor of this poetry: no detail is forbidden—as it would be in our poetry, perhaps—because it seems too prosaic; the sole question raised is as to its emotional appropriateness. Is it a comb, a fan, a torn dress, a curtain, a bed, an empty rice-bin? It hardly seems to matter. The Chinese poet makes a heart-breaking poetry out of these quite as naturally as Keats did out of the song of a nightingale heard in a spring garden. It is rarely dithyrambic, rarely high-pitched: part of its charm is in its tranquillity, its self-control. And the humblest reads it with as much emotion as the most learned. . . . Was the writer in the London Times right, therefore, in thinking that this poetry might be a wholesome influence for our own? If it can teach our poets warmth and humaneness—qualities in which American poets are singularly lacking—the answer must be an unqualified yes.

CONRAD AIKEN.

With a Book of Chinese Lyrics

In these days of sad optimism and bitter joy,
When yesterday's hot brand has dropped to ashes
And the pale new hour is voiceless,
I am glad that once friends sat in silk.
To sip the jade-clear wine and talk of verses
While maidens, in the dark pavilion
Watching the sliding shadow of the moon
Below the silver ripples, thrilled to hear
The rustle of an oar among the reeds.

IDA O'NEIL.

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

The Old Order and the New

"OPEN COVENANTS OPENLY ARRIVED AT" was the heroic challenge which the President once, in a moment of exaltation, threw in the face of the Elder Statesmen. But it is already a matter of common notoriety how the President's proud words have gone whistling down the winds, while the Elder Statesmen have continued to follow their own devious devices. With jealous care the conclave of Elder Statesmen representing the Great Powers have guarded the secrecy of their deliberations while they have been arranging the world's peace on the good old plan. The Elder Statesmen have been at pains to give out no "information which might be useful to the enemy"; that is to say, to the underlying population of these Great Powers. And among these Great Powers of the secret conclave America is neither last nor least; quite the contrary in fact. Nor is information withheld less carefully from the underlying population of democratic America than from the unfree populace of Europe. "Open covenants openly arrived at" has gone into abeyance. This outcome of course marks a defeat of democratic ideals. That it does so may be fortunate or otherwise, but the fact of this defeat should not be overlooked. The fact is to be taken as marking an advance, or at least a conclusive change, in the guiding principles of statesmanship. Democratic methods are no longer safe—if they ever have been. They will no longer serve the uses of statesmanship. The underlying population is no longer a party in interest in national policy or in international negotiations, in such fashion as would warrant consulting their notions of what should be done. Circumstances have taken such a turn that each of these civilized nations is now divided within itself, in such a way that the national administration now represents an oligarchy and speaks for a group of interests rather than for an undivided people at large. This follows unavoidably from the existing economic order, which is built on a division of interests, between the kept classes and the common man. And the events of the past few years have forced this truth upon the conviction of the statesmen, and not least convincingly upon the democratic statesman of America. They have been brought to realize that their avowed ideals of democratic rule and popular discussion are hopelessly out of date, that the situation which faces them can no longer be handled by democratic methods, that an ever-widening cleavage of interest has arisen within each of the nations between the vested interests and the underlying population, and that it is the part of the states-

man unreservedly to range himself on the side of law and order—that is to say, on the side of the vested interests. This conclusion follows because, in the nature of the case, the party of the vested interests is always the party of law and order. Law and order means that legal order which safeguards the established rights of privilege and property. Such being the situation, the underlying population is plainly not to be trusted with a free run of information on public affairs. In effect, the people at large, in these nominally democratic nations, are falling into the position of a subject population; something in the way of body of alien enemies, to be used, humored, and "kept in hand." There is, for instance, a highly instructive resemblance between the American legislation, late and prospective, designed for the control of American citizens on the one hand, and the notorious Rowlett Acts by which the gentlemanly British administration is endeavoring to keep their Indian subjects "in hand." Both the Indians and the Americans are to be kept in hand for their own good, no doubt, but more immediately and more obviously for the good of the vested interests of business and office-holding. Therefore, placed in this precarious posture, facing a distrustful underlying population, it has become the first care of these Elder Statesmen in all their deliberations to give out no information which might become useful to the enemy. This strategic secrecy of peace-making conclave is presumptive evidence that in the apprehension to these Elder Statesmen the interests which have been guiding their deliberations do not at any substantial point coincide with those interests which the underlying population have at heart. The underlying population want peace and industry; the Elder Statesmen have negotiated an arrangement for safeguarding the vested interests of privilege and property by force of arms. These two lines of interests are out of touch; and they may prove to be incompatible. So the shrewd Elder Statesmen have consumed half a year in carrying out a strategic disposition of their forces under cover of night and cloud, with a view to safeguarding the status quo; and so the underlying populations now face a state of fait accompli, whereby the resources of these several nations are already committed to an international enterprise in defense of the vested interests, all and several, at the cost of underlying populations. Behind the smoke-screen of the seven censors and the Associated Prevarication bureaus, that much is visible now. But the question remains, Why has that high-hearted crusade

which set out to make the world safe for democracy by open covenant openly arrived at come to this inglorious end behind the smoke-screen? The answer appears to be covered by this golden text: Bolshevism is a menace to the vested interests of privilege and property. There need be no question as to the utter good faith of that crusade for democracy and open covenants; no more than there is a question as to its utter defeat. Nor need there be a question as to the paramount responsibility of America's spokesman for this outcome of the peace-making conclave. No single one of the powers and no coalition of powers has been in a position to make a substantial move at any point in these negotiations without the paramount consent and advice of America's spokesman. Without America's backing the "high contracting parties" are practically bankrupt, all and several; and apart from America's spokesman no two of them could reasonably trust one another out of sight. So that what this conclave of Elder Statesmen has achieved and what it has committed itself to is, in effect, his achievement and his commitment.

AMERICA'S SPOKESMEN SET OUT WITH A HIGH and well-advised resolve to make the world safe for democracy; but it was to be a democracy founded in commercialized nationalism, after the pattern of mid-Victorian times, which being interpreted means a democracy for safeguarding the vested interests of property. Now between the date of the President's high pronouncement on open covenants and safe democracy and the date of the peacemaking conclave there intervenes the unlooked for episode of Soviet Russia, the substantial core of whose policy is the disallowance of these same vested interests of property which make up the substantial core of that mid-Victorian commercialized democracy that was to be saved. It is easily to be seen that the Bolshevism of Soviet Russia is a menace to that commercialized democracy which mid-Victorian statesmen are concerned to perpetuate. Indeed, it is easily to be seen that the material interests of the underlying population in the other nations would incline them to fall in with its policy of disallowance, just so soon as these underlying populations come to realize that they have nothing to lose, which is believed to argue no distant date. At least such appears to be the universal conviction among those statesmen who speak for the maintenance of law and order. The situation therefore calls for heroic remedies. The safety of those vested interests of property that now make up the substance of things hoped for could not be jeopardized to make the world safe for a democracy devoid of vested interests. Bolshevism is a menace to these vested interests, and to any mid-Victorian statesman it is a truism that these interests must and shall be preserved from this menace at any cost—the cost to be paid by the underlying population. This cost at which the menace of Bolshevism is to be averted

involves more or less costly and undesirable working arrangements with all the forces of reaction, since none but the forces of reaction can be counted on to take the field openly in the prosecution of such an enterprise. And arrangements of this kind for the support and subsidy of reactionary enterprise, responsible and irresponsible—in effect, for the support of any enterprise sufficiently reactionary to take the field—cannot be openly arrived at by spokesmen of any democratic commonwealth. Hence the secret conclave and the smoke-screen of the seven censors. It is a sufficiently difficult passage, not to say a desperate quandary. However, it appears that under cover of night and cloud arrangements of this kind have been reached which it is hopefully believed will be sufficient; arrangements for the comfort and success of reactionary enterprise in Finland, Livonia, Esthonia, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, and the reactionary factions in Russia, north, south, and east. It is an unfortunate circumstance that all this making of terms with the forces of reaction for the safeguarding of the vested interests will not bear the light. It is unfortunate, but there is no help for it. Needs must when the devil drives, and Bolshevism is largely believed to be that breed. So it is devoutly to be hoped that these transactions that will not bear the light, these enforced but distasteful concessions of the democratic statesmen to the more shameless powers of reaction, will duly bring in that good fruit of domestic tranquillity which is bargained for at such a price—and all beneath the spreading chestnut tree of commercialized nationalism. *Quod bonum, felix faustumque sit!*

THE SENATE MAY REVISE THE PRESENT TREATY and covenant. But the Senate cannot by a stroke of the pen alter the sort of world in which these instruments, revised or unrevised, will have to function. The signing of the Treaty gives us the first opportunity to look beyond the Treaty. Making such a survey, Mr. Bertrand Russell pointed out in THE DIAL for June 28 that labor elements in Europe will find their approaching political dominance insecure as long as the United States is ready to maintain a protectorate over vested interests and vested privileges at home and abroad. On the surface there are no political or economic groups here prepared to take up the challenge that Mr. Russell thus throws down. Morally, the United States is no longer the hope of the world. On the contrary, America's effort to stabilize capitalism at the expense of social reconstruction is the outstanding feature of the Government's international policy. The great body of citizens is probably reactionary only out of apathy, but the groups which are effectively organized—the politicians, the labor unionists, and the financiers—have formed a Triple Alliance in the interest of active reaction. At home, accordingly, the outlook for labor is dismal, but a survey of the world at large offers a gleam of hope. We cannot effect the increase in pro-

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duction called for by the financiers as long as industrial enterprise is handicapped by all the stoppages, slackenings, and internecine struggles for pecuniary advantage that characterized it before the war. Indeed, industry will have to enlist the energies of its workers more completely than it was able to even during the crisis of the late conflict. This means that there must be a thoroughgoing reconstruction at every point in the industrial process. It requires the participation of the workers in the management, and the transfer of authority from the pecuniary strategists of the antiquated financial regime to the now subordinate controllers of material and personnel. In other words, the situation that gives capitalism the promise of renewed life makes this offer on the condition that it will be transformed out of all recognition. The hope of reconstruction today, therefore, lies not in the liberalism of America but in the needs of an impoverished and prostrated mankind.

PERHAPS THE LABOR MOVEMENT ABROAD IS NOT so desperately menaced by the rear attack of American reaction as Mr. Russell believes. The proposal adopted by British, French, and Italian trades-unionists to make a demonstration against military intervention in Russia gives reassuring evidence that the plans of British imperialism and American capitalism cannot be pushed through to a conclusion. It seems equally true that the chances of a helpful reconstitution of America's political and economic structure will depend upon the ability of the labor elements, particularly in England and France, to take charge of the ship of state, man the quarter-deck with able officers, and chart a new course. What strengthens the hand of labor nationally will in the long run strengthen it internationally. The more powerful labor's Triple Alliance is in Great Britain, the weaker will be reaction's Triple Alliance in America. It is the old world that holds forth the promise of the new.

THE RECENT RAIDS MADE BY THE LUSK COMMITTEE, of the New York State Legislature, on the Russian Soviet Bureau, the Rand School, The Communist newspaper, an I. W. W. and an S. P. local is the distinguished contribution of the Empire state to the national job of clearing the country of radical opinion and making freedom safe for a few. These raids, the deportation and imprisonment of law-abiding labor leaders are an embarrassment to fair and liberal-minded citizens who condemn high-handed feats of frontier justice as un-American. We wonder whether or not they are. As the white man of the South is out to lynch "the nigger," and a Citizen Alliance of the West lines up to tar and feather "the wobbly," so the state and federal legislators and officials pursue "the bolshevik." The fact that the latter are pursued by government agents does not affect the animus of the pursuit nor dif-

ferentiate it in character. Government agents are as averse as are the hoodlums to a consideration of the actual evidence at hand. If a white woman points an accusing finger at a black man, that settles the matter; he is hung. If the Lusk Committee, after discarding the great mass of letters and other documents which explain that the purpose of the Soviet Bureau in America is to carry on trade in the accustomed way, can find a sentence which is susceptible to the interpretation which the Committee is after, that discovery settles the matter for the press of the country as well as the Committee. In going through the papers of the Rand School this State Committee discovers that the Socialist Party has been carrying on socialist propaganda among the negroes of the South. Although this activity of the Socialists has been a public matter for many years and although it has never before occurred to the state of New York that it had any concern in the matter, this discovery and others of the same nature in the opinion of the Committee warrants the closing of the School. There can be no doubt about it; America revels in direct action. The objection to the action of the agencies we have been speaking of is that it is raw. It is elemental in that it is swayed by suggestion. It is uninhibited by an infiltration of reason. As it reflects the egoistic conception of existence, it is opposed to a state of civilization where the freedom of individuals is dependent not on the sacrifice of others but on an experience which is expansive because it is common. What is familiarly known as direct action is advocated by some but not all of the defendants now before the Lusk Committee; but it is action of quite another sort. The intention is to get what is wanted in each case by the most direct road. But where direct action has been adopted by labor as a policy, it is not instinctive. It has come out of a long experience of trial and error. It represents defeated efforts to adjust relations by prescribed rules. The direct action of labor has come through the refining experience of a failure which has been checked up by reason and a highly sensitized consciousness of social needs. Like the black man in the South every one is suspect (that is, he is Bolshevik) who has come through this experience first-hand, or who has emotions sufficiently cultured by concepts to value the economy which yields, in the large, human results. It appears in Europe at the present moment that such people may shortly if not already represent the majority. The working people of Europe have been checking up their experience for a long time. It is because the American worker has failed to do this that he is caught by the American Federation of Labor machine, the Lusk Committee, and all the other state and federal authorities pledged to the suppression of intelligence in matters of common concern. Direct action in any case is the order of the day and the hoodlum variety, thanks to the A. F. of L. more than to the Lusk Committee, is to have its opportunity and anarchistic sway.

Casual Comment

NOT THE LEAST LAMENTABLE FEATURE OF THE war has been the failure of the writers to give us a realizing sense of what has been taking place. It is now habitual with us to excuse the pitiful inadequacy of war literature on the ground that this war has been too vast for any contemporary reporting, the assumption being that any worth-while report must needs embrace the whole panorama of the fighting. The assumption is unsound: the most exacting among us have required of the reporter only a clear communication of the reality that happened to fall under his own observation. The clear communication of any reality is a difficult business, of course—difficult but not impossible, or there would be no good literature of any kind. That the war was not impossible to report in this way has been demonstrated by the dispatches of Philip Gibbs, the stories of Barbusse and Latzko, the poems of Sassoon and Aldington, and the letters and reminiscences of a very few others. But in all the avalanches of war books that have swept over us since 1914 there has been singularly little that seems likely to endure. The inadequacy of the war books, however, has been as nothing to the inadequacy of their illustrations—and of war pictures in general. Except for the paintings of one or two "official" artists like Nevins and Johns, the cartoons of Bairnsfather, the etchings of Pennell, and an occasional happy photograph (usually of a ruin), our notions of what the front looked like were derived from recruiting posters done by men who had never seen it or from accidents of apt description in the books. Almost none of these books had the assistance of telling pictures, and those that did were not so distinguished in any other way as to attract much attention. James McBey, "Official Artist with the Egyptian Expeditionary Force," made a series of atmospheric drawings for the Desert Campaigns (Putnam), whose text—by W. T. Massey, "Official Correspondent of London Newspapers with," etc.—failed to support them. There was closer cooperation between Charles Huard and Frances Wilson Huard in her *With Those Who Wait* (Doran), but his fetching drawings were mostly devoted to old-world corners far behind the lines. Not unnaturally, however, the imagination of the illustrators who dealt with the front was most vitally kindled by the air service. For instance, when the authorized translation of Henry Bordeaux's *Georges Guynemer: Knight of the Air* appeared in this country it included four charcoal drawings by W. A. Diggins, of which three were very close to perfection in their magical evocation of certain quiet moments in the air. (For some reason or other the Yale University Press featured an impossible frontispiece by another hand and let Mr. Diggins name appear only in the list of illustrations.) And now come Lieutenant Henry Farré's almost as successful, if somewhat theatrical, paintings of a number of very active moments in the air,

illustrated by rather than illustrating his own text in *Sky Fighters of France* (Houghton-Mifflin). Among all the books about flying it is odd that there should be only two or three to offer worth-while pictures of an occupation so new and so fascinating. And yet if the other military departments had been even as well served as this, we should now have a shelf of volumes whose illustrations might in a measure fill the blanks left by the writers.

THE PULITZER PRIZE OF \$500 FOR THE BEST volume of verse published by an American in 1918 has been divided between Margaret Widdemer's *The Old Road to Paradise* and Carl Sandburg's *Cornhuskers* (both from Holt)—a unique bracketing if ever there was one. The judges were William Lyon Phelps, Richard Burton, and Sara Teasdale. The Widdemer collection is that of a really popular singer, and in it are poems reprinted from as motley a list of magazines—ranging widely between the *Youth's Companion* and *Poetry*—as any 1918 volume of American poetry could possibly boast. In this book Miss Widdemer sets out for no new goal and scales no peaks in Darien. She does not hold us quite so firmly as in some of her previous work—as notably in her poems on labor conditions—and the judges must have had an unusually keen sympathy with her moods in order to certify this book as one of the best volumes of verse published in 1918. Many of the poems are fetching, and as a whole they cover a wide field, but the chief merit of the book lies in deftly expressed individual ideas. As for *Cornhuskers*, which Louis Untermeyer reviewed in *THE DIAL* for October 5, 1918 (Strong Timber)—it is equally a book of deftly put ideas. But in nothing else does it resemble Miss Widdemer's work. It is a book of free verse, a book of the poetical revolution. And much of it is that and no more. It is significant that such a book can receive so much as half a prize from Columbia University—and no less significant that the compensating half can find nothing more powerful than the *Old Road to Paradise* to distinguish.

"ROMANTIC LOVE IS GOING . . . IT IS ONE of those delusions that could be explained out of existence." We read it—somewhere in a bit of literary criticism—and we doubt it. The doubt takes us back to a specific moment in a confessedly important year, when a great number of men were being moved across a great ocean, in the face of difficulties. . . . The time is early twilight. The brown walls of a ship's cabin enclose the scene, except where open ports and doors reveal areas of the Southern Ocean banded brown and blue, shaken slowly and smoothly like velvet curtains in a breath of wind. Through the wide sweep of the doorway six or eight oddly mottled ships are seen falling away in decreasing perspective to the horizon. At a table in the room is seated a man in the uniform of

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an officer of the United States Army. Before him are piled letters—hundreds of them. He is reading them rapidly, for daylight is failing and in the submarine zone ships are black at night. Look over his shoulder: "Dearest Alice" this one begins. It is written with the stub of a pencil, and one word in four is misspelled, but the ideals are of early Victorian love-in-a-cottage after the war. "My dear Miss Johnson"—this one is formal, heart-broken over a cold farewell, yet half hopeful that circumstances will play fair. "My own Ruth"—another beginning so, ends thus, in romance: "In the evening after you have read this, go down to the honeysuckle arbor by the side gate. Lift up the board of the seat—there is a little package in there for you. I put it there the last night I had a pass to go and see you. I wanted to give it to you, but I just couldn't come up to it. It will be months before I can get your answer, but I am going to write every day just as though I knew you had put the ring on for me. I have got to believe it. And when I come back, we. . . ." "O.K." wrote the uniformed censor, and signed his name. Then he rose and stretched himself. Somehow there seemed an odor of honeysuckle in the room.

FROM CHINA COMES NOW A NEW MAGAZINE, FIRST issued in March, and bravely edited by Mr. Samuel Couling, at Medhurst College, Shanghai. We say "bravely" with due consideration, for the New China Review was conceived during the war, and it had to fight against the stars of indifference, defective communication, and want of interest that struggled against it at birth. It is an attempt to take up a field The Chinese Repository abandoned in 1901 and left in the hands of French scholars. The appearance of Professor Giles' name in the first issue is assurance of the ability of the Review to live up to its promise to maintain a high standard of scholarship but at the same time to print contents so varied that others than professed sinologues can find pleasure in them. . . . From New York issues an announcement not of a new magazine, but of a new name for an old one. The Unpopular Review (Holt) is to sail under the title of the Unpartizan Review, but the present owners and captain will not be changed, and the same academic crew will doubtless occupy the forecastle. The avidity with which the Unpopular Review was seized upon by those who accepted the unpopularity of their conservatism as their chief claim to distinction made it impossible for the review to live up to its older name. Unfortunately there seems little prospect that it will come any closer to fulfilling the demands of its new title. Unpartizan means, we believe, unwilling to take sides, but in connection with this otherwise excellent review it means merely the unwillingness to throw its weight upon the liberal side. At its best it is a promise to call a plague upon both radical and conservative houses.

WHEN A NEW ART HAS COMPLETELY OUTGROWN criticism, the critics' job of catching up is comparable to that of pruning a jungle. Thankless and hopeless as it may be to begin at this late date to frame special standards for the movies, it does seem that the producers and the public generally might be willing to apply here certain old axioms developed in other fields. The first of these axioms is perhaps this: that sincerity is a virtue. By reason of the vastness of his chosen audience the movie producer can deal only in motives that most men have in common. The theme that makes the widest human appeal is that of sex relationship—particularly if this relationship happens to be somewhat risqué. The variations that may be played upon this theme are, in America, very definitely limited by the tradition that sex may appear in public only when garbed with respectability. Nowhere does this tradition have such force as in the middle-class conscience, still powerful in the cities, and dominant in the small towns that have the movies for their only amusement. The man who stages plays for a limited audience may choose between the indecency of burlesque and the frankness of Ibsen; not so the movie man, whose films are destined to flicker before all eyes. Sex he must have to get great audiences—respectability, to keep them. To meet the situation, there has been developed a hypocrisy without parallel in art. People who would not think of countenancing a frankly vulgar musical show may see in the movies pictures of surprising indecency spiced with moral phrases and grouped under some such allegorical title as Purity or Virtue; or triangle plays that inevitably wind up with what passes for a great moral triumph for the innocent party, who wishes the dark pair all (of their sort of) happiness. Whoever will face the situation frankly will confess that we have far less to fear from honest nastiness than from this kind of lip-licking sophistry. Certainly the movies will receive more consideration as an art when the movie people accept variety in their audiences and do not attempt, by blending goodness and badness, to appeal all at once to everybody in the United States.

EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY

MARTYN JOHNSON

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

HELEN MAROT

THORSTEIN VEBLEN

CLARENCE BRITTEN, *Associate*

Communications

FOOTNOTES WANTED.

SIR: "If," writes Mrs. Mary Austin, "Mr. Untermeyer could get his mind off the Indian Anthology as a thing of type and paper, he might have got something more out of it." Unfortunately, *The Path on the Rainbow* [Boni & Liveright] came to me as a book, composed almost exclusively of type and paper. And, as a book, it seemed to be a collection of indubitable ethnic value, arbitrarily printed, and, lacking all but the most rudimentary footnotes, by turns careless and cryptic. Mrs. Austin's agreement as to the necessity for fuller explanatory notes proves the very thing that I was trying, in a rather dogmatic manner, to express: that, without the accompanying melodies, blend of voices, tympanic beat, these written songs needed much more than "paper, type," and a crude reduction to thin Imagist verse form.

Says Mrs. Austin: "Ten thousand American boys in a foreign land singing Home Sweet Home is a very moving thing, and twice ten Indians at the ragged end of Winter, when the food goes stale and their very garments smell of wood smoke, singing their maple sugar song might sing a great deal of poetry into it—poetry of rising sap, clean snow water, calling partridge, and the friendly click of brass bowls and birch-bark sap buckets." . . . This, I submit, is the sort of interpretive note that would have made valuable much that at present is inconsequential—for example, the "maple sugar song" which, in its entirety, stands thus in *The Path on the Rainbow*:

Maple sugar
is the only thing
that satisfies me.

And, I should like to add by way of discourteous conclusion, a whole volume of footnotes would not have explained the inclusion of Carl Sandburg's "translation" of a non-existent Indian croon, the sentimental jingling of Miss Johnson's *The Lost Lagoon*, and the too frequent attempts to make an obvious primitive emotion look like a piece of precision.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

New York City.

SUICIDAL SABOTAGE

SIR: Mr. Veblen's article on Sabotage in a recent *DIAL* is the clearest and most complete article I have ever read on this subject, and I have arrived at the following conclusions: That production and distribution are regulated by price. Prices curtail the demand. If production is not curtailed and prices are lowered to relieve the market and meet the demand, dividends will be lowered to a degree that will make it too unprofitable, if not impossible, for the capitalist to remain in business.

On the other hand, if production continues to be

curtailed so that prices can be kept high enough to guarantee the necessary margin of profit, an overwhelming discontent, unemployment, and extreme poverty for the masses will follow; and they are not going to starve. If machine guns are used to stop the discontent by wiping out the unemployed and the poverty-stricken, the population will be reduced temporarily and the problem would seem to be solved. However, with prices continuing high and the population again on the increase, those remaining would not have the money to meet the high prices and dividends would again be in danger. Production would therefore have to be further curtailed, and more unemployed and poverty-stricken killed off. This process would have to go on indefinitely until there would be no people left except the capitalists and their satellites.

The first method spells disaster for the capitalist, and the second means the same for both the capitalists and the masses. What is the solution?

A. L. BIGLER.

Norfolk, Virginia.

Contributors

Geroid Robinson, a Western newspaper man, was engaged in an industrial survey on the Pacific Coast during the early months of the war. After a half-year's service as a Personnel Officer in France, he has recently joined the staff of *THE DIAL*.

William Leavitt Stoddard served during the war as an administrator of the National War Labor Board. His recently published volume, *The Shop Committee*, was noticed in *THE DIAL* for May 31, 1919 (page 580).

Albert Newsome, author of *Towards National Guilds*, is one of the editors of *The New Age*, London.

Stella Benson has published two novels—*This is the End*, reviewed in *THE DIAL* for August 16, 1917, and *I Pose*. A volume of her verse, *Twenty*, was reviewed in *THE DIAL* for December 14, 1918.

William Henry Chamberlain is a graduate of Haverford College, where he specialized in history. Recently he has been associated with Philadelphia and New York newspapers.

David Saville Muzzey is a professor of history at Columbia University, and literary editor of *The Standard*. He has published a number of books on theological and historical subjects; a *Life of Thomas Jefferson* is his latest volume.

Grover Clark is an instructor in the Government School at Yamaguchi, Japan.

P. H. Belknap has been at various times concerned with government surveying, volunteer service in the Spanish War, naval construction and Liberty Loan promotion in this war.

Ida O'Neil is assistant professor of Romance Languages in Western Reserve University.

The other contributors to this issue have previously written for *THE DIAL*.

Notes on New Books

THE VOICE OF JAPANESE DEMOCRACY. By Ozaki Yukio. 108 pages. Kelly & Walsh; Shanghai.

To no single person more than to Mr. Ozaki Yukio (born in 1859 and early educated in English, and a visitor to the United States) is the triumph of essential democracy, as described in this issue of *THE DIAL*, due. His book, issued in mid-July of last year, is an eloquent and forcible appeal for party government. With the skill of a veteran, this most fluent orator in the Diet, ex-minister of justice and ex-mayor of Tokio, wields the double-edged blade of invincible argument. He points to Great Britain as possessing the most stable government—because of party government—and he clinches every argument with a quotation from Japan's greatest emperor, whose life spanned the era of re-creation, from 1852 to 1912. As to its English dress, we feel quite sure that very few, if any, foreigners now living could excel the translator, an international lawyer, J. E. de Becker, D.C.L. The method of reasoning is as worthy of study by an American reader as are the history and arguments here accurately and cogently presented. Mrs. Ozaki, the author's wife, is known to Americans as a poet and writer of charming folklore.

KOREAN TREATIES. Compiled by Henry Chung. 226 pages. Nichols.

Mr. Chung has erected a monument to the memory of the independence of his country. Beginning with the treaties of friendship, commerce, and navigation signed between Korea and the nations of Europe and America, he closes with the treaties with Japan, which sound the fatal going, going, gone. First there is the instrument of February 1904; in Article III of this treaty Japan agreed to "definitively guarantee the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire." Next there is the compact of August 22, 1904, by which the Korean Government was required to engage financial and diplomatic advisers recommended by Japan. Then there is the agreement of April 1, 1905, by which the system of communications of Korea was united with that of Japan; then the treaty of November 17, 1905, by which the foreign affairs of Korea were transferred to Japan; then that of July 24, 1907, giving over the internal administration of Korea to Japan; and finally the treaty of annexation of August 29, 1910. A more complete record of international bad faith could not be made. We learn from the treaty between the United States and Korea of May 22, 1882 that these countries mutually pledged themselves as follows: "If other Powers deal unjustly or oppressively with either Government, the other will exert their good offices, on being informed of the case, to bring about

an amicable arrangement." As witness to the honor of the United States, Mr. Chung is himself detained in this country by desire of the Japanese Government in order that he may not disturb the harmony of the Peace Conference at Paris by raising the question of the self-determination of Korea.

PEKING DUST. By Ellen N. La Motte. 240 pages. Century.

Miss La Motte writes in a natural and picturesque style, has courage good to see these days, and tells the truth as to doings in China—pleasing to read but unpleasant for those who are criticized. The author abhors cant. She detects the hollow professions of those who cry for democracy in Europe and practice high-handedness in China. She dares point the finger of scorn at the French, who in Tientsin upset decency and fair play by the occupation of Lao-Hsi-Kai, adjoining the "French Concessions." She heaps wrath on the British for inducing the Vice-President of China to purchase the opium left on their hands. She points out how China got into the war to uphold "the sanctity of international law"—a "flimsy pretext"—but she fails to state the part played here by the American Legation, probably because she depended somewhat on the good graces and kind favor of the American Minister. As to Japan she says: "the loudest outcries against Japanese encroachments come from those nations that possess the widest spheres of influence"—Britain and Russia. The author relieves the heaviness of political discussion by many spicy chapters, written in the form of letters, on all kinds of little topics such as "Donkeys Generally," "Chinese Houses," "A Dust-Storm," "A Bowl of Porridge." Miss La Motte views things with a conscience: "The world contains a double standard of international justice, for the East and the West." She thinks that China will yield, not to Japanese domination, but to "European aggression or 'civilization.'"

ESSAYS IN SCIENTIFIC SYNTHESIS. By Eugenio Rignano. Translated by J. W. Greenstreet. 254 pages. Open Court Publishing Co.; Chicago.

This work exemplifies one of the most enviable phenomena of continental European culture—the versatility of intellectual interest. The encyclopedic knowledge that amazes us in a man like Wundt represents an extreme individual variation but in the direction of a quite general tendency. On a somewhat lower plane we find Kropotkin wrestling with geographical, biological, sociological problems, including technical questions of agricultural procedure. And so down through the professional classes without creative aspirations to the Socialistically educated laborer, who is likely to know more about Darwinism and primitive customs than

our average college graduate. In the present volume Signor Rignano, the editor of *Scientia*, proves himself ideally fitted for his task as manager of an intellectual clearing-house. Without exhibiting any striking originality, he has precisely those mental traits required for the organizer of a far-reaching intellectual cooperative scheme—wide and thorough knowledge, sound judgment, and clarity of exposition. His initial essay on *The Role of the Theorist* in the sciences of Biology and Sociology is admirably to the point in explaining the pitfalls of restricted specialist study. He rightly argues that the despised theorist, being less likely to fall prey to professional bias, may be capable of judging the most general problems of science with greater sanity. The remainder of Rignano's book is devoted to a demonstration of his contention with reference to a number of basic questions. The chapters on *What Is Consciousness?*, *The Religious Phenomenon*, and *Historic Materialism* may be mentioned as especially attractive. Altogether the volume may be recommended for the consideration of all seriously inclined readers.

RACIAL FACTORS IN DEMOCRACY. By Philip Ainsworth Means. 278 pages. Marshall Jones; Boston.

This is a well-intentioned but rather immature attempt to apply anthropological principles to the disentanglement of latter-day perplexities. Mr. Means has succeeded in casting off the shackles of racial snobbishness and his plea for what he calls "race-appreciation" merits serious consideration in this age of shopworn Chamberlainisms. It has, moreover, the support of the sanest scientific opinion. Where Mr. Means fails is not in his attitude towards alien cultures, but in his position towards his own. Here he is still very far from having attained the objectivity of the dispassionate student. His comments on democracy and Bolshevism are merely facile re-echoings of the growls of the reactionary press. Why not rather approach these topics in the disinterested spirit with which he regards the architecture of aboriginal Central America and Peru—with eagerness to discern new values, clothed though they be in unfamiliar forms? The book bristles with references, which jointly form a very useful bibliography of anthropological literature.

GREEN VALLEY. By Katherine Reynolds. 287 pages. Little, Brown.

To any one who has lived in a Middle Western village this appreciative romance will be most welcome. There is the shoemaker's shop, the post-office, the hardware store; there are one or two mansions, and scores of cottages, with tiger lilies in the front yard and a whiff of cinnamon buns around by the back door; and they are all bound together by long association and the rapid tongue of friendly

gossip. Unfortunately the story has a blindly optimistic coloring; affairs are settled in the right way by a gifted tactician or two, always at hand. But this tone is probably explained by the fact that the book was written merely as a diversion, to make the thousands of miles between the heart of South America and Green Valley seem shorter to a homesick mid-Westerner. The plot is a simple one; everything comes out right, as you know it will. The characters are almost too good to be true; they stand on the opposite end of the seesaw from the Spoon Riverites. The flavor is "folksy" and crisp, like that of an old-fashioned caraway cookie.

EXPERIMENTS IN INTERNATIONAL ADMINISTRATION. By Francis Bowes Sayre. 201 pages. Harper.

No one can tell what sort of a League of Nations will emerge from present attempts; no one can tell whether it will succeed or fail; but some information as to its possibilities, and some hope for its ultimate success, can be found in Mr. Sayre's book. Two sorts of international organizations are discussed: those in which the primary purpose is the maintenance of peace, and those in which some details of governmental administration are put into the hands of an international group. The second type of organization has several successes to its credit; especially when the national sovereignties affected have seen fit to give sufficient power to the organization, and have assembled the elements of the organization with some thought for the actual needs of the situation. Sovereignties have developed these international organs of administration only under force of necessity, and the point of development reached by any one of them has been directly proportional to the degree of necessity in a particular situation. Consequently, the conclusion seems to be that in spite of the invariable failure of the international leagues to maintain peace, this type of organization must eventually succeed, because of the absolute necessity for its success. The League of Nations will become an actuality then because of necessity—but will it succeed? It will fail in the same way that the past experiments have failed, if like those experiments it is based upon injustice. Of course, the justice of the terms on which the League is formed is also to be interpreted in the light of necessity. It is safe to say that the justice of the arrangements will vary directly with the necessities of the situation. What kind of justice or injustice is meant? If the justice is to be measured by the necessities for maintaining peace, should it not be called expediency instead of justice? And expediency for whom becomes an additional question. It is no part of the essay to answer these questions, or many similar ones. Mr. Sayre merely states what has been done, (it must be said that his statement is complete enough for general purpose), and the reader may draw conclusions as he will.

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THE LAND AND THE SOLDIER. By Frederic C. Howe. 196 pages. Scribner.

FROM WAR TO PEACE. By Herbert Quick. 278 pages. Bobbs-Merrill.

If the present administration has any reconstruction policy one must look for it in the two books which Messrs. Howe and Quick have prepared under the pressure of the national emergency. Both men have been members of the executive; they have been in sympathy with the president; they are acquainted with official Washington; and they survey the economic situation through the earnest spectacles of Henry George. It follows that their plans for reconstruction are limited to but one aspect of the economic problem: that which concerns the exploitation of land. And since the problems of industrial organization can by no sleight of hand be reduced to this single basis, the authors have severally kept to a discussion of the rural aspect of reconstruction. Within their limits (and the field is no small one) there is a touch of freshness in these surveys of the land problem. As good single taxers the authors are canny enough to perceive that the old-fashioned cry of "no land," and the old-fashioned remedy of "open up the idle waste land," simply hide the fact that good land remains idle because of its unsocial appropriation for purposes of speculative monopoly. Reclaiming marshes, cut-over areas, and dry lands is an expensive substitute for a sound economic policy of land distribution; and both authors are agreed to accept and work for none but the honest social policy of opening up for development those excellent farm lands which now repose unused, or but partially exploited, in the hands of country gentlemen, real estate speculators, golf clubs, and impoverished tenant farmers. A good deal of this most valuable unused land lies in the vicinity of our great cities (see for example the federal soil survey of the western Long Island area) and the policy of using it links up with another opinion which Messrs. Howe and Quick hold in common. They believe that land settlements, whether of foreign immigrants or of returned soldiers, should not be made by single-handed individuals after the pioneer fashion but by communities, on the plan developed in the Australia and California enterprises. They offer this community policy on economic grounds, touching the cheapness of raw materials in bulk and the possibilities of large scale mechanical organization in preparing and cultivating the ground; and they substantiate it by showing the need in rural life for urban elements in education, recreation, and political intercourse in order to attract and to hold the city-bent settler. It is not a rural community, but a "rurban" community, to use a term coined by the Wisconsin School, that these reformers would develop by a socially directed land policy. Readers who wish to see what can be said in enlightened opposition to these plans by an apostle of a refurbished individualism should consult the numerous works of Mr. Liberty Hyde Bailey.

THE WAY TO VICTORY. By Philip Gibbs. 2 vols., 676 pages. Doran.

If Philip Gibbs were dead *The Way to Victory* would be his monument. Were *The Menace* and *The Repulse*, the two final volumes of Gibbs' war despatches, not so sure of the active interest rather than the negligent admiration of posterity, one might be tempted to call them classics. Even the stalesness of a statesman's peace cannot take away from the reader the tang and sparkle of his day to day descriptions of the conflict, moving swiftly from one theater of war to another, and yet always managing to penetrate beneath the stage trappings and masks and to sympathize with those personal dramas whose importance the great mass formations of battle tended to obscure. This is not to say that Gibbs neglects the military movements along the way to victory: he surveys the whole panorama of warfare and illustrates the critical positions with maps. The point is however that he does not stop with the materials of the commander-in-chief's reports: he uses them merely as a dressmaker's dummy on which he drapes the colored robes of life. There were heroes before Agamemnon, and war correspondents before Philip Gibbs, but there is an Homeric quality in the Englishman's quick and forthright narrative, a quality submerged in other writers by the pat interests and attitudes of commonplace journalism; and after the mechanical elements of the conflict are forgotten Gibbs' despatches will be remembered for the reason that they dealt with the most tenuous and feeble elements of the whole war, the minds and moods of men. These are the only materials from which enduring things may be made.

THE PEOPLE'S PART IN PEACE. Ordway Tead. 176 pages. Holt.

After six months of Versailles diplomacy and eloquence Mr. Tead's book is unpleasant reading—a patient effort to describe a vanishing point. When these pages were put together we were all talking of the people's part in peace; it was an ingredient in the necessary anesthesia of war. Now we are coming out of ether, and find the real world very much as it was before the bloody operation and the dream. The people are playing as great a part in the peace settlement as the diplomats played at the front. And precisely those factors in the war situation are now neglected which to Mr. Tead some months ago seemed to be the logical and inevitable basis of an international order—namely, the instruments and methods of international economy in the purchase of raw materials, the distribution of products, the export of capital, and the control of the world's shipping. For these and other purposes the United States and "the associated governments" had created supernatural bodies authoritatively coordinating the production and distribution of the military and economic necessities of war. Now none so poor to do these bodies reverence;

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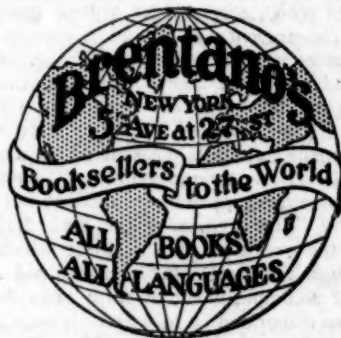
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the old game of uncontrolled competition is restored—catch-as-catch-can, and let the most aggressive and unscrupulous survive. The flight of events has made Mr. Tead's book already historical and academic; but the day may come when some other men than the antediluvian Prussians of Paris will forge a world order; and then the work done in this volume will have its use and its reward.

MORALE AND ITS ENEMIES. By William Ernest Hocking. 200 pages. Yale University Press.

An intelligence warm and affirmative here analyzes the foundation of morale in war, with the idea that in peace some of the same psychological factors may be employed to the benefit of the nation. Mr. Hocking examined kindly all forms of divided mind that weakened our war resolution and advised their cure by reason rather than repression. War aims must be sincerely stated and restated, the notes in our own eye must be so far as possible removed, drill and all military routine should be rendered intelligible to the soldier by an explanation of their symbolism—these are examples of his attitude. It is not exactly the attitude of an apologist, but it is that of a man eager to throw about the effort in which one happens to be engaged in a sustaining ideology. No one can deny Mr. Hocking's intimacy with his subject or the substantial soundness of his analysis, but the existence of the astringent mood which accompanies a great group effort actually did prevent and would always in similar circumstances prevent most people from exercising his method and moderation. One feels that under his touch not only war but revolution, Calvinism, or any extreme mode of action or state of mind could be made to appear pleasant or at least profitable, whatever its intrinsic validity. This gives his advice a tone, perhaps not of unreality, but at least of futility. The premise of the book that it is a sense of the greatness of the object which carries one through the most difficult tasks, and that for the better accomplishment of these tasks that sense must be so elaborated as to weave through all one's minor experiences is incontrovertible. Yet the perfect criticism of the book as a conscious effort to inculcate the technique of morale lies in one of Mr. Hocking's own sentences: "As a state of the will of free men, morale can only be evolved by the man himself, his own reaction to his own data." Mr. Hocking, for instance, would have made a far greater contribution to the morale of the war if he had urged that war aims should be stated, not in order to improve morale, but for the sincere and naïve reason that nothing but the highest aims are worth fighting for. The morale of peace likewise can be sustained not by any such makeshifts as the retention of military training, but by the adoption of a supreme object and the molding of the national life for its attainment.

Books of the Fortnight

The Vested Interests, and the State of the Industrial Arts, by Thorstein Veblen (183 pages; Huebsch), presents in book form the series of articles that appeared, slightly abridged, in *THE DIAL* between October 19, 1918 and January 25, 1919; under the general title *The Modern Point of View and the New Order*. (Review later.)

New Fallacies of Midas, by Cyril E. Robinson (294 pages; McBride), is a study of the main principles of economic and social theory in the light of the ideals advanced by the individualist, the socialist, and the syndicalist. The author has both a thesis to establish and a theory to expound, but he attempts to escape the logical aridity of the textbook as well as the special pleading of the propagandist monograph. (Review later.)

How to Face Peace, by Gertrude Shelby (311 pages; Holt), outlines the elements of a community program of reconstruction. The twenty-seven chapter headings are in the form of imperatives: Forward Reeducation! Use Community Labor Boards! Catch Health! Build Anew! and so forth. The matter is not new, but it is freshly and succinctly restated. The appended program of discussion and list of books should be useful.

New Schools for Old, by Evelyn Dewey (337 pages; Dutton), makes a contribution at once to the rural life movement and to socialized education. It describes how a single teacher employed the latent resources in a stagnant Missouri farming community so as to make the school serve the community, and the life of the community center about the school. (Review later.)

The Place of Agriculture in Reconstruction, by James B. Morman (374 pages; Dutton), is a comparative study of the programs for land settlement in various countries. The author is assistant secretary of the Federal Farm Loan Board. (Review later.)

Present Problems in Foreign Policy, by David Jayne Hill (361 pages; Appleton), discusses the League of Nations program in the light of old-fashioned republican principles. It is difficult to decide which is worse—the League itself or Mr. Hill's reason for opposing it. (Review later.)

What Happened to Europe, by Frank A. Vanderlip (188 pages; Macmillan), is "the sort of talk" about European economic and political conditions that the author "might give to a friend . . . if there were the opportunity to converse at sufficient length." (Review later.)

Albania, by Constantine A. Chekrezi (255 pages; Macmillan), purports to be the first work of its kind in English upon this little-known country. It begins with an historical survey, follows the dealings of latter-day diplomacy from the Balkan Alliance to the end of the Great War, and concludes with a valuable section on geographic and economic conditions. (Review later.)

Japan and World Peace, by K. K. Kawakami (194 pages; Macmillan), is an apology for Japanese realpolitik. Mr. Kawakami's presentation of Japan's case against China will probably diminish the effect of his just criticism of Japanese-American relations.

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- The Problem of the Pacific**, by C. Brunson Fletcher (254 pages; Holt), seeks to show the part that four great powers have played during the past century in bidding for the political supremacy of the more aqueous half of the globe. (Review later.)
- The Russian Collapse**, by Boris Kadomtzeff (63 pages; Russian Mercantile and Industrial Corporation), attempts to account for the disruption of Russia's economic system on the grounds that it resulted from an initial misapprehension as to the length of the war, and that it was given the final coup de grace by the blockade. Written from an anti-socialist, anti-revolutionary point of view.
- History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century**, by Heinrich von Treitschke (653 pages; McBride), covers the decade 1830-1840. It is a translation by Edan and Cedar Paul, with an introduction by William Harbutt Dawson, of the Fifth volume of this monumental historical survey, of which earlier volumes were reviewed by Max Sylvius Handman in *THE DIAL* for August 30, 1917. (Review later.)
- 1914**, by Viscount French (386 pages; Houghton Mifflin), describes the operations of the armies under his command in the first critical days of the war. The narrative leads up to an apology for the overthrow of Asquith's government, following the famous Times disclosure of the munition shortage, inspired by the General himself, and it is therefore fittingly dedicated to Lloyd George, who seems to have anticipated the compliment by bestowing the viscounty. (Review later.)
- The Dardanelles Campaign**, by H. W. Nevinston (427 pages; Holt), is a well-ordered, fairly well-illustrated, and fairly well-mapped account of one of the supreme failures of the war. Incidentally it is an apology for the strategic conception of this attack. (Review later.)
- The Life of John Redmond**, by Warre B. Wells (282 pages; Doran), carries the reader through a generation of Home Rule politics, as embodied in the personal career of the famous Irish parliamentarian. There is no pretense that this essay is a definitive biography. (Review later.)
- The Journal of a Disappointed Man**, by W. M. P. Barbellion (312 pages; Doran), the intimate diary of an egotist who for twenty-seven years defends his joy in living, and his passionate ambition to be recognized as a zoologist, from the march of a fatal disease—has its share of the inevitable dull pages; but its quality is blunt, realistic (if sometimes pathological), and provocative. More than one Englishman has been suspected of hiding behind this pseudonym; one wonders whether it were not more profitable to ascertain who edited it. (Review later.)
- The Iron Hunter**, by Chase S. Osborn (316 pages; Macmillan), is the autobiography of a man who made ore-prospecting his business, and politics, as governor of Michigan, his avocation. A book that might pass as canal-boy-to-president fiction were it not for the blood and iron element.
- Truth**, by Sir Charles Walston (233 pages; Cambridge University Press), is an examination, from the standpoint of "practical idealism," of the application of the principle of veracity in political, social, and religious life. (Review later.)
- Set Down in Malice**, by Gerald Cumberland (286 pages; Brentano), proves that the author knows—or knows something about—a very great number of English notables in politics and the arts. The book is sometimes brilliant, often annoying, always stimulating. (Review later.)
- The War and Men's Minds**, by Victoria de Bunsen (185 pages; Lane), examines the foundations of religious belief, in the light of Victorian and contemporary criticism. The war does not point any religious moral to Mrs. de Bunsen—it only adorns the tale.
- The Realities of Modern Science**, by John Mills (327 pages; Macmillan), is a well-organized account of the concepts and methods of physical science for the reader who "finds few clews to recent advances in his memories of the formal instruction of school or college days."
- Inventions of the Great War**, by A. Russell Bond (337 pages; Century), is an account of war's perversion of the inventive genius. Youths of a mechanical turn of mind will enjoy reading it and should by all means be prevented from doing so.
- The Book of the National Parks**, by Robert Sterling Yard (420 pages; Scribner), is a piece of pardonable propaganda by the Chief of the Educational Division of the National Park Service. Mr. Yard is given to superlatives, but the scenes he talks about demand them. The book is handsomely illustrated with photographs and maps.
- The Grizzly**, by Enos A. Mills (289 pages; Houghton Mifflin), is an account of the author's experiences with this canny animal over a period of thirty years. "The species impresses one with its superiority, and the individuality of each grizzly ever stands out." The stories, collectively and severally, give the same impression.
- The Solitary**, by James Oppenheim (147 pages; Huebner), has for dedication the poet's fine tribute to Randolph Bourne, from *THE DIAL* of January 11. The volume contains two general groups—Songs Out of Solitude and Songs Out of Multitude—the free-verse drama Night (produced by the Provincetown Players), and a long poem called The Sea. (Review later.)
- Small Things**, by Margaret Deland (326 pages; Appleton), seems a dangerously good book. It gives the author's impressions of France in 1917 and 1918; impressions lucid and quick with sympathy, written in those moods of fierce exaltation and generous anger and sharp astonishment which the ardor of conflict and the presence of danger awoke. The sketches do not carry further than September 1918, and there is no hint of the disillusion which was to follow. (Review later.)
- La Bodega**, by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez (368 pages; Dutton), is this week's Ibáñez. The book will be reviewed at an early date, in connection with other progeny of this prolific Spanish pen.
- The Haunted Bookshop**, by Christopher Morley (289 pages; Doubleday, Page), reveals a genial assortment of literary gossip enmeshed in the tangles of a belated spy plot. The transparency of the intrigue is of slight consequence, however, compared with the flavor of a diversified bookish intelligence which each page exhales. (Review later.)

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